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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

“FROM the Alps to the Andes” is given to the public for the first time in this translation, which has been done from the Italian by Miss Mary Alice Vialls. The author's absence in India has prevented him from consulting with the translator and from correcting his proofs. At the same time there were several points in which the original—the work of one more used to the ice-axe than the pen—was obviously at fault, and several in which the information supplied was insufficient. Under these circumstances the publisher has thought well to avail himself of the generous assistance of those who could speak with authority on matters-of-fact, and also to supplement the guide's narrative by the introduction of various quotations from the works of his co-travellers.

Miss Vialls's responsibility begins and ends with the translation of the text. Acknowledgment is here made of the courtesy of Sir Martin Conway, Mr. E. A. FitzGerald, Mr. A. F. De Fonblanque, Mr C. Loraine Barrow, Mrs. Mummery and Miss Bristow, in replying to questions affecting the accuracy of the text, and of that of Mr. Joseph Pennell and Mr. A. D. McCormick in kindly assenting to the reprinting of various illustrations.

Books Referred to in this Work and Books which may be consulted
with advantage by the reader thereof :—

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PREFACE

I HAVE written this book for two reasons. One is, by the account of what I have done and seen, to tempt all who can afford it, to forsake the town when the warm season sets in and stay awhile among the mountains where, far from domestic worries and the noisy life of cities, they may enjoy pleasant exercise accompanied by peace of mind. A gentleman, to whom I have often acted as guide in mountaineering ascents, used to assert that every day spent on the heights added ten years to his life. He said it with so much conviction that I forgot the exaggeration of his language, and congratulated myself on what I must have gained through having always lived among the mountains.

My second reason for putting forth this account of my life is to help those who are

too poor to travel, to imagine for themselves, and thereby in some degree partake of, those pleasures, of which the actual substance is denied them. Happily, since the introduction of railways, the number of mountaineers has enormously increased. Our forefathers, however, who no doubt felt the need of a few weeks in the mountains as much as we do, were unable, for the most part, to satisfy their longings, owing to the enormous difficulties of transit.

And now let us away to the mountains, for there we shall find health, strength and resolution; there, in the midst of Nature's fairest scenes, we shall feel most strongly the impulse to praise and bless the Maker of all.

MATTIAS ZURBRIGGEN.

FROM THE ALPS TO THE ANDES

CHAPTER I

THE FIRST FOUR-AND-TWENTY YEARS OF MY LIFE

I WAS born on the 15th of May, 1856, at Saas-Fée in the Canton Valais, Switzerland. My father's name was Lorenz and he was a shoemaker by trade ; my mother was Veronica del Prato, of Stalden.

As Saas is close to Macugnaga where industry had greatly developed, owing to the working of the mines of Pestarena, my father was wont, during the summer, to betake himself to the latter village, in the hope of gaining more employment and so better providing for the needs of his family of seven children. He finally took the wise step of transporting his household thither, and thus it was that,

at the age of two, I was taken across Monte Moro to Macugnaga. As time went on, however, my father's earnings became insufficient to keep his family, and tempted by a prospect of higher wages, he resolved to turn miner. But before many years had passed, he met with an accident, being struck by some masses of rock, and forty days afterwards, he yielded up his spirit to God who gave it. The grief and misery of his family—which can well be imagined—were but augmented as time went on.

I was, at this period, only five years old, and my eldest brother was just thirteen. We could look for no help from our relations, for they were strangers to us. But the good God who never forsakes His own, graciously provided for all our needs. My poor mother spared no pains to do her best for her children and laboured incessantly for our welfare. We were able to be of help to her later on, by taking charge of our neighbours' cattle, and earned, in this way, a small wage of forty centimes a day.

Ten months after my father's death, my mother married again, and for some time things went better with us, till a second family sprang up. Then my eldest brother



SAAS-FEE.

was sent away from home, to learn the trade of a carpenter. When his apprenticeship was over, he came back to our village, and I, at that time a boy of twelve, helped him in his work. We were together for a year, but as we failed to agree, I made up my mind to seek my fortune further afield.

I set out on my travels in the hope of finding some employment, but I was too young to have much chance of success. Meanwhile, the little money I had in my pocket was soon exhausted. How heavy-hearted does one become at such times! I made my way to Sierre and here I was engaged to look after the horses and mules at the Hôtel Girol where I stayed several months. But such work was not much in my line; moreover, I saved nothing whatever and constantly found myself without means.

However, during this time I had learned French, and having fallen in with some men engaged in the silver and copper mines in the Val d'Anniviers at Chandolin—run by a German company—I made up my mind to go and see the place for myself. Here I was taken into the smelting works and was employed in helping the smiths by carrying the metal to the workmen. After a few

months, I was allowed to labour as a miner. But, before long, the mine became exhausted and the metal extracted contained so much alloy, that it was not sufficient to defray the numerous expenses connected with the work. It was therefore deserted, and I was thus free to gain a living by conveying goods, by means of two horses, from Sierre to Brieg.

It was then I made the acquaintance of Herr Lagger, proprietor of the Hôtel de la Poste at Visp, who, having a brother-in-law connected with the Rhone embankment works, procured me employment. My term of service fulfilled, I went to Loèche, where the tunnels for the railway were in course of construction, and laboured there as a navvy during the whole of one winter. In the spring, I went to Lausanne where I stayed for some days, to see if I could find any work. The proprietor of the inn where I lodged, advised me to go to Vallorbes and here I was employed at some smelting works, in preparing the ore procured by the miners. As the work was very varied, I could the better perfect myself in my knowledge of smithcraft, so I stayed there several months.

As, however, the demand for labour lessened,

I agreed to accompany three friends of mine to Italy, who wished to find occupation in some of the Italian manufacturing towns. I passed several years in Italy where I found remunerative employment as a tassel-maker, but when I saw there was not so much demand for this sort of work, and that I ceased to earn more than five or six *lire* a day, I thought about returning to Switzerland.

But my passport—drawn up for the interior of Italy only—had ceased to be valid, owing to the laws affecting travellers being so constantly changed. When I came to ask for a passport for Switzerland, I was immediately called upon for military service and summoned to attend for forty-five days' instruction at Geneva, and for sixteen days' drill besides, in the following September.

Having fulfilled these duties and finding no other work—for winter was coming on—I engaged myself as postilion on a Swiss diligence. Then it was that I made the acquaintance of a Swiss gentleman, a fine-looking young man, of good presence and robust physique, who had some property in Africa and wished me to accompany him thither for the purpose of sport. Tempted by the chance of seeing new lands, I resigned

my place as postilion, which I had already filled for two months, and decided to go with him.

We embarked at Marseilles and crossed the Mediterranean to Tunis where we stayed several days—my employer having some business to transact—and here also we laid in a stock of provisions and engaged porters. My first impression of our new surroundings was not exactly a favourable one. When I saw the unprepossessing and often scantily-clad forms of the natives, with their dark faces and burly limbs, I asked my patron if they carried arms. He told me they did not and, moreover, that woe would betide us if we gave them a chance of handling weapons.

I now felt more at ease, and we started on our expedition, taking fourteen porters with us, among whom I was careful never to go unarmed. Three camels and two horses formed part of our cavalcade which travelled by night as, owing to the extreme heat, it was impossible to proceed by day. We set out in the direction of Algeria and crossed many hills whose names I do not even remember, for I took but few notes, being somewhat bewildered by my surroundings; nor did it

ever strike me that such *memoranda* might be of use to me in after days.

We did a seven hours' stage of our journey at a time, but when the sun appeared, we had to halt, so little inured were we to this torrid climate. We perspired incessantly and our clothes were just as if they had come out of a bath. It was of little avail to lie down in the shade or to resort to the thickets to shoot wild-fowl; everywhere, the earth appeared to be burning. After sunset, we went on again, but we did not do much in the way of sport, for on the third day, my employer felt unwell and showed symptoms of fever. We waited twelve hours, hoping that the attack was only a slight one, but in vain, for he became rapidly worse and very wisely determined to return. We retraced our way, not without some difficulty, to Tunis; my patron remunerated me—as agreed in our contract—for six months' service and also paid my fare back to Europe. He decided to remain in Tunis, as he had not yet recovered from his illness and also had some visits to pay.

I now made the acquaintance of a mason, named Angelo Canova—a Piedmontese by birth—who, knowing that I had followed the trade of a smith, told me that in Algeria

where he himself had been, I might do a profitable trade. Thither we agreed to go together, and I soon found employment and was able to earn sixteen *lire* a day—a sum which, after two months, was increased to twenty. I continued at this work for five months, but being tormented by excruciating headaches, I feared that remaining in this climate might prove fatal to me, and resolved to return to Europe.

Finally, I arrived at Lausanne where for some time I was idle—feeling little disposed to work. But once having regained my health, I went to Sion and here took up my trade again. Then I began to go about, here, there and everywhere, and one fine day, made up my mind to proceed to Chile, in South America, where there was a great demand for workmen. As, however, twenty days would elapse before the steamer sailed, I resolved, in the interval, to go and see my relations. Thus it was, that after eleven years' absence, I returned to Macugnaga where a cordial welcome awaited me from my mother, brother and sister, and also my step-father: the rest of my brothers were dead. My mother could hardly contain herself for joy and when she heard of my

intended departure for South America, so urgently begged me to remain that, finally, overcome by her tender entreaties, I stopped at Macugnaga and opened a little shop there.

CHAPTER II

M O N T E R O S A

THIS famous mountain, the name of which is a corruption of Monte Roese, or the "Glacier Mountain," is seen from Macugnaga in all its glory. Its summit consists of a long ridge with several peaks which are four in number: the first and southernmost, Signalkuppe (14,964 feet), is also known as Punta Gnifetti, so named after Giovanni Gnifetti, parish priest of Alagna, who ascended it in 1842, in company with the theologian, Giuseppe Farinetti. Next comes the Zumsteinspitze (15,006 feet), so called from Josef Zumstein, of Gressoney, who was the first to reach its summit in the year 1820. The Höchste- (or Dufour) spitze is the highest of all (15,217 feet); it was first surmounted from the Zermatt side, in 1855, by the

brothers Smith, and shortly afterwards by Professor Tyndall, Quintino Sella and several others. The Nord-End (15,132 feet) is, of course, the northern peak; and was first climbed in 1861, by the brothers Buxton and J. J. Cowell. Lesser summits of the chain comprise the Weissthor, the Fillarkuppe, the Cima di Jazzi and the minor ones of the Faderhorn, the Rothhorn and the Cima di San Rocco.

Amongst the most eminent names identified with Monte Rosa, is that of the celebrated De Saussure, of Geneva. This distinguished man who, from his earliest youth, had devoted himself to the cultivation of natural science, mathematics and physics, determined to make an excursion into the valley of Anzasca, in order to study more closely the colossal proportions of Monte Rosa. At that time, however, there existed none of the comfortable *hôtels* such as are now to be found at Macugnaga: its inhabitants, moreover, were unaccustomed to receive strangers. This is how De Saussure describes the visit which he made in 1789:—

“We arrived at Macugnaga towards the middle of the day and were quite charmed with the situation of the village; its houses,



HORACE BÉNÉDICT DE SAUSSURE.

(After the picture by Juchl in the Library at Geneva.)

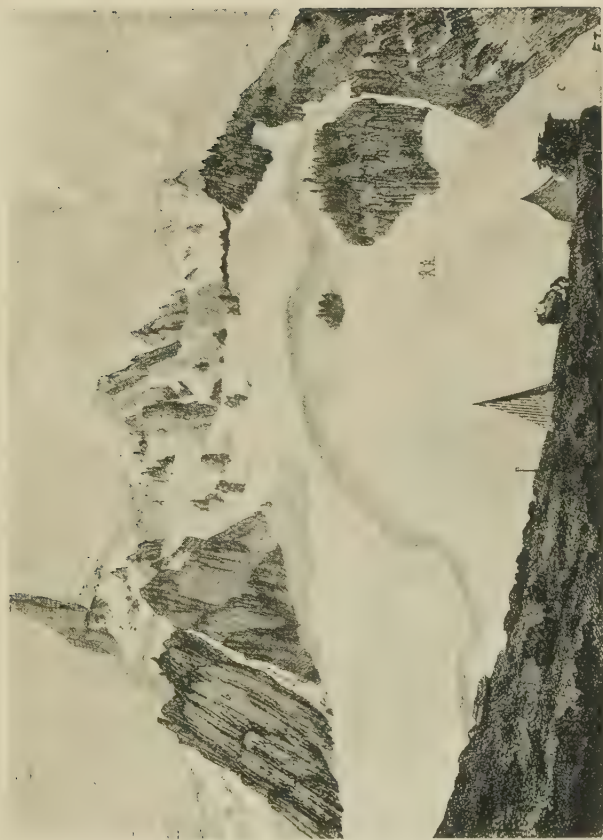
half of wood, half of stone, are scattered about the meadows, amidst clumps of ash-trees and larches. These meadows form a gently-sloping tableland reaching to the foot of the frowning rocks of Monte Rosa, which form the boundary of this delightful plateau. We were but ill-satisfied, however, with the hospitality of the natives, none of whom would yield us shelter: the innkeepers themselves, mistrustful of the strangers they were so little used to see and daunted, perhaps, by the size of our party, even refused to give us a lodging. We were on the point of taking refuge in our tents and camping out in the fields, when I showed letters of introduction that I had brought to some people of the valley—unluckily just then absent—to the *curé*. The latter housed us for the time being and wrote a letter to the principal innkeeper, Anton Maria del Prato—dwelling on a pasture about a league from the village—who was by this means induced to receive us. For eleven days this inn was a centre for our excursions: we had clean quarters, but were obliged to procure our own provisions, for the inhabitants of Macugnaga—including the parish-priest himself—live on milk-food, and rye-bread which is made six

months or a year in advance and can only be cut with a hatchet."

But, as I have already said, few strangers found their way at that time to Macugnaga, and there is no doubt but that the inhabitants fared badly enough, as far as food was concerned, for the potato, now a staple article of diet, was not then known.

My eyes were always fixed on the mountains. When I reflected that these peaks had been climbed and, in fancy, saw myself pioneering some foreign visitor through their difficulties, my blood danced in my veins and I longed to become a companion and guide in mountaineering ascents: this desire grew within me till it became irresistible. Having, therefore, established connections with the hotel proprietors and the principal guides, I commenced my career by acting as an escort to many climbers in ascents of the Weissthor, the Moro and similar small expeditions. My heart, however, yearned for higher summits.

In 1886, there arrived in Macugnaga, from Trieste, two foreigners—one of whom was Herr Kugli—who had determined to make the ascent of Monte Rosa. They had brought with them one guide, but wanted another. As, however, it was a very dangerous expedi-



DE SAUSSURE'S CAMP AT THE COL DU GÉANT (ALT., 11,033 FEET).
(Reproduced from a drawing executed by De Saussure's son in 1788.)

tion, they had much difficulty in finding one. Now for about two months previously, during that same year, I had slept on those rocks whilst the Marinelli Hut was being built, and had carefully studied the route to be followed for the ascent of Monte Rosa. During this time, I had observed the signs of the weather propitious for such an ascent—that is to say, when the wind was not blowing from the south, when the enterprise would be a perilous one—so I gladly offered myself as a guide.

It was the 9th of August. We set out early in the morning, in the direction of Monte Rosa, intending to reach the Marinelli Hut the same night and sleep there. Scarcely had we arrived at our destination, however, before a messenger appeared, bearing an important telegram for Herr Kugli which recalled him home immediately. My disappointment at thus cutting short such a promising expedition can be imagined. But fate was not wholly unkind, for the other tourist who had accompanied us to the Hut, resolved to attempt the ascent, and I was only too delighted to accompany him.

On the 10th of August, under a splendidly clear sky—although it was very cold—we left the Hut and proceeded for forty minutes

by the couloir. Having crossed the latter, we found ourselves on the rocks—memorable as the scene of the accident which befell poor Marinelli. From here we continued the ascent over the great glacier, in the direction of the Dufourspitze. There it was much safer walking, and by pursuing a zigzag path, we had already accomplished quite 2,000 feet, when our progress was arrested by a steep slope of bare ice. Then we had to make use of the axe, with which we cut steps in the ice—a work which took five hours to accomplish—before we could gain the rocks. My companion began to feel the need of some rest and refreshment, but I did not lose heart and kept in front all the time. It was delightful to see the remarkable and persistent courage and endurance displayed by my patron during our climb.

Finally, we arrived at our goal at about seven o'clock in the evening. No pen can describe the beauty of our surroundings: it seemed as if we had left the world below to enter paradise itself, and I shall never forget my first impressions of the scene. We knew afterwards—for we found traces of them—that, on the same day, five other parties had made the ascent from the Zermatt side. After



PANORAMIC VIEW OF MONTE ROSA FROM RIMPFISCHHORN (ALT. 13,790 FEET) ON THE NORTH SIDE.

a stay of half an hour which seemed to go in a flash, we began the descent by the opposite side, towards the Riffel which we reached at 10.30 p.m., staying the night there.

The next day, my patron paid me my regular fee, adding a *pourboire* of thirty francs. He then settled to remain where he was, in the expectation of meeting a friend, but I knew he had been fully satisfied with his climb, for he recommended me to a gentleman who wanted a guide to Macugnaga *via* the Alt-Weissthor. At Macugnaga, another climber engaged me for an expedition to Zermatt where he gave me a recommendation to a gentleman with whom I remained as guide for over a fortnight.

The first peak decided on by the patron I have just referred to had been the Dent d'Hérens, but when we got as far as the Stockje Hut, the weather was so unfavourable that it compelled us to stop there for four days. It rained in torrents, and we were obliged at last to make our way back to Zermatt, to await a clear sky. Better weather finally set in, but not propitious enough to warrant the ascent we had planned. However, in the interval, my patron found me other employers, and we achieved the ascent

of the Matterhorn and many other peaks, during that same season. From the first, I had made use of a compass, which I found indispensable in my capacity as Alpine guide.

I was now content with my earnings and desirous of a little repose, having, in the course of the expeditions alluded to, passed several nights in the open air, under the stars, at an altitude of about 8,300 feet, without tent or covering, in a temperature as low as 14° centigrade. Indeed, it was not unusual, in the morning, to see the ground covered with seven or eight inches of snow, and we had often been obliged to sleep on the latter which melted from the heat of our bodies, while our clothes remained frozen or wet through. I had scarcely returned to Macugnaga when, on the 8th of September, I met an Englishman who, on seeing my book, immediately bespoke my services for a fortnight. As it was not a very good time of the year, however, I asked twenty francs a day—leaving to my employer the choice of the peaks to be attempted.

On the 9th of September, about three o'clock in the morning, we left Macugnaga for the Alt-Weissthor, a climb I had not yet done and one which, at this



THE TWO GNIFETTI HUTS (ALT., 12,402 FEET).

time of year, was pretty difficult. My love of the mountains, however, banished all thoughts of fatigue and minimised every danger. We reached the Riffel inn and, the following day, set out in the direction of Monte Rosa; by traversing the Grenz Glacier and the Lysjoch we reached the Gnifetti Hut, and, at 10 p.m., the Ollen inn.

Having returned to Macugnaga, after a day's rest, we started for the Jazzi, by its south-east ridge which, as far as I knew, had only been surmounted once before, and from thence we made for Zermatt. After some expeditions on the Matterhorn and other mountains, I finally went home, perfectly satisfied with the result of my climbs.

It was the 27th of September; the climbing season was over; the hôtels were empty. There was nothing else for me to do save to shut myself up in my own four walls. Here, in my solitude, how often did I return, in imagination, to my beloved mountains; how many times did I revert to my past experiences—beginning from the time when I had been sent as a boy to herd the sheep and goats, and earned my little pittance of forty centimes a day, to lighten the burden of my parents' poverty. If the summer is a delight-

ful time at Macugnaga, the winter is horribly melancholy. Being confined to the house seemed to me no better than being pent in jail or laid up in a hospital. Nevertheless, I now and then repaired to the mountains for the purpose of hunting chamois.

Time soon flies, however, and spring is here again. On the 12th of June, three Englishmen arrived at Macugnaga, and on seeing my book, engaged me for a month. They made many various ascents, although they were not perfectly inured to climbing—it being only their second year in the mountains. My term of service ended satisfactorily (18th July) on the Simplon where, on taking leave of me, my employers recommended me to another climber. With the latter, I went to Zermatt where, in a few days, one of my former patrons arrived, so I found plenty to do. I accompanied this gentleman by preference, but in my intervals of service with him, I acted as guide to other mountaineers. I was at Zermatt for six weeks and, during this period, never indulged in any rest, except when hindered by bad weather, but this was not often, and I spent the best part of my time climbing.

CHAPTER III

THE MATTERHORN: SOME REMARKS ON CLIMBING

THE following year (1889), after some expeditions in the Bernese Oberland, about Chamonix and elsewhere in France, I returned to Zermatt with Mr. E. H. Fison—a well-known climber—who soon planned an ascent of the Matterhorn.

On this occasion, I remember we witnessed a curious change in the weather. Having reached the Hut where four other parties had assembled, all prepared to sleep there. During the night, snow began to fall and in the morning, lay on the ground outside nearly eight inches deep. It much astonished some of our party to see a perfectly cloudless sky, but such anomalies of temperature are not uncommon at so great an altitude and frequently occur at all times of the year.

Two of the expeditions remained at the Hut, and three set out for the summit. It was intensely cold, but, nevertheless, by somewhat slow progress, we arrived at the place where a fixed rope has to be used. This, however, for some time we could not manage to find : finally, after diligently looking for it on the left-hand side, I succeeded in my search. The other two parties had wished to go back, judging it impossible to proceed. Thereupon I called out : " Here is the rope ! Go ahead, pluck up your courage and I'll vouch for your getting to the top."

However, we were to have an unforeseen change in the weather. When we had nearly reached the summit, a high wind arose, and blew up the snow till it formed quite a dense cloud, so that it was impossible to see five yards ahead. The two other expeditions, which were only a hundred and sixty yards from the summit, determined to turn back.

My patron and I climbed on alone, but so strong was the hurricane and so bitter was the cold, that we only remained a few minutes at our goal and commenced the descent almost directly—thus catching up our companions. They and my patron had now become so benumbed by the cold and 'done up' by



THE VILLAGE OF ZERMATT.

fatigue, that we could only make very slow headway. I feared to delay and did my best to hearten the others by crying: "Go ahead, go ahead, if you don't want to die here!"

Shortly afterwards, Mr. Fison refused to proceed any further, lay down in the snow and asked to be allowed to rest. All this time the weather was growing rapidly worse. Woe to me if I left him in this predicament, for he would be soon frozen to death. I lifted him up and gave him some cognac, begged and entreated of him, with every encouragement, to continue the descent, but my efforts were of no avail whatever. I now began to fear for my employer's life; I thought of my enormous responsibility; my heart beat with feverish energy and I felt a terrible cold pierce my very marrow. I gave him the remainder of the cognac, then resorted to gymnastics, as it were, by rolling him over and pulling him with a rope, but all my efforts were in vain, whilst the temperature became increasingly bitter.

Then I bethought myself of a remedy which, however grotesque and brutal, is in such cases very salutary. I remembered how once, just such a hurricane had arisen when crossing Monte Moro in mid-winter, with

some of my comrades, and how the latter had succumbed on the way, overpowered by the cold. It had seemed as if I should have to abandon them to certain death, but all at once it occurred to me to belabour them soundly, and a most efficacious remedy this proved! My companions felt their circulation restored, to say nothing of their tempers, loaded me with reproaches, but resumed their march, and I was happy at having averted, at whatever cost, a certain disaster. I did as much now for my patron who was immediately on his feet, felt the blood coursing through his veins, heaped a torrent of abuse on me, saying that I had ceased to act as his guide, and threatened to report me for ill-treatment. But we pursued our way without further incident and reached Zermatt about eleven o'clock at night, or rather my employer arrived there first, for I did not see him again till the next morning.

The other two expeditions that we had left behind had not yet arrived. Back at the hôtel, I began to feel bad times were probably in store for me; indeed, it was difficult not to feel much apprehension as to the consequences of my conduct. Early the next

morning, whilst we guides were debating what was best to be done, some one slapped me on the shoulder. I turned round and recognised Mr. Fison who greeted me with: "Bravo! Zurbriggen, if you had not been strong, I should certainly have died on the mountain." Indeed, on leaving Zermatt the next day, he not only paid me my fee, but 'tipped' me very handsomely into the bargain.

We now set out to find our companions in distress of the day before. We found them half-way up the mountain, but although one of the expeditions gave no ground for serious anxiety, the members of the other one were in a pitiable condition. The climber and his guides had their feet and hands frost-bitten, and had we not arrived in time, worse might have happened. Not without great difficulty, we partly carried, partly supported them to Zermatt where, for a long time, they remained suffering from the effects of their misfortune.

Here let me address a few remarks to those who mean to adopt the guide's profession. Before all things, you must have a perfect knowledge of the mountains, so that even if they be obscured by mist, you may be certain

of your route. Always keep a watchful eye on those you are escorting, especially when you are in dangerous places. Before organising an expedition, always learn all you can about the capabilities of the people you are going to accompany in the proposed ascent. The guide ought to act as the captain of a vessel: however distinguished may be the persons who commit themselves to our charge, it is for us alone to direct and govern.

The secret of the guide is caution: I am always beforehand. Still there are differences even between those who possess that secret. There are guides and guides; each has his own strong point. They always say that the Zermatt guide is best for rocks and the Oberland guide is to be preferred for glaciers. That is not always true as far as individuals are concerned, but it is true generally speaking. I myself have made a speciality of both rocks and glaciers.

Then there is the guide who trusts to luck. He is ready for anything, but he does not know what is coming; he simply guesses where he is when you ask: "How far off is the peak?" But I never do that; before I start on a track that I have not traversed before, I study it in advance; I make a map of

it and reconnoitre it through the glass until I know it. When I say: "Go," I can see what is before me. On the mountain, I must always know my bearings. Not that I am scientific: if a man comes to me for science, he will not get it. But I must carry my map with me and point: "We are here." I never start without my compass, my thermometer and my aneroid, so that when you come to me at any moment and ask: "Where are we?" I can say: "Here, and it is so many feet from the top!"

As to danger, beware of the incautious guide who is always falling into a crevasse. To my eye, though not to every eye, even though it be that of a guide, a crevasse is plain, forty or fifty feet away. I do not recognise it always by the same appearance: sometimes it looks like an undulation; when it is very cold it makes, as it were, a grey track or shadow.

Switzerland is a small place, and I thought perhaps my experiences in Switzerland would not be verified elsewhere. But now I have been in every part of the world, and wherever I have gone, I have made no mistake about crevasses. If you see a crevasse, there is no danger: you can jump it, or if it is too

wide, you can cut down steps on the one side until the crack is narrow, and then cut your way back again on the other side.

The great danger in my eyes is the avalanche, and I am always on the alert for it: I am also always on my guard against falling stones. If it be possible to avoid it, I never cross a couloir in the afternoon: if it be necessary to do so, then only one man must be allowed on the couloir at a time, so that if the broken snow makes an avalanche, he can be held up. The freshest snow makes the worst avalanche: where there is fresh snow, I travel obliquely—never straight. I am very cautious, and have never been caught, but avalanches have more than once stayed my passage for a time and they have also followed me. Still there are places I do not care to cross, save in the comparative safety of the early morning. When I can, I persuade my patrons to sleep out rather than go into danger.

The cornice is another thing of which I am very careful. There is no safety with a cornice, unless you work at it. Some guides more than half forget it: and thus incur serious danger, or else they love to rush it, but I will not do so. My motto is: "Better two

or three hours than risk," and I cut a way on the inside of a cornice, though it may take a long time.

But lest it should seem that the guide is everything, let me add that there is very often danger from the mountaineers you are escorting and for whom you must often lay down the law. Because it is hot in the valley, they will come to you to climb a peak, involving snow and ice work, with the chance of facing a storm and maybe a night on the rocks, with a dress so light that, if they stood still for an hour, they would perish with the cold. It is sometimes hard to make them understand, but I always say to them: "Get warm clothes, and I will go with you, but like that, no, certainly not." Or, they come for a difficult ascent and will start at once. "Wait, my friends," I say to them: "I will first see what you are equal to: you shall do the big when you have done the little things." If they cannot manage the great peaks, they must go three or four times with me until they are ready for them: then I say: "Go by all means." It is fools who make for hard climbs before they are fitted for them, and if guides permit them to get into

trouble, it is the guides who must be blamed.

As to diet, I would say to all and sundry who climb: for lunch or dinner, carry what you like—chicken, ham or beef—anything, only avoid spirits which ought to be taken only at a hard pinch and as a last resource.



THE MATTERHORN.
(From the *Lac Noir*.)

I keep spirit as a doctor keeps a poison, and never use it except in very small quantities after a long, cold rest, when it does good. For drinking on the march, cold tea is best to quench the thirst, but it is not sustaining. For myself, I never eat on the mountain; I may manage a boiled egg, but seldom that.

Most people, however, gain a hearty appetite. Eggs beaten up in claret are as good as anything, both for thirst and as a restorative when fatigued.

Let me repeat that the guide should arrange the details of a climb in the way that best secures the safety of his patron.

If a guide deem any of the orders he receives from his employer to be doubtful or productive of risk, he ought resolutely to oppose them. If he be cold when climbing, let there be little rest but plenty of motion. It is unnecessary to say how needful it is to know the tendency of different winds, or that a certain amount of knowledge of the morning signs of the weather is desirable.

In the year 1891, I was engaged at Zermatt by Mr. Oscar Eckenstein. The weather, during that season, was so unsettled that we very rarely saw a cloudless sky: it rained nearly all day and snowed on the heights very frequently. It was a desperate loss to the guides and a great disappointment to the crowds of visitors. The ascent of the lofty peaks was a very difficult matter under such conditions, and my time was spent in expeditions of little importance.

Among the foreigners at Zermatt were Mr.

Fisher Unwin and two other Englishmen, who had determined to climb the Matterhorn. But what could they do in such changeable and threatening weather? They could find nobody willing to accompany them. There were no guides who were willing to try the mountain under such conditions. Then Mr. Fisher Unwin asked Mr. Oscar Eckenstein, with whom he had then become acquainted, if he and I would go up with him. My patron agreed to do so, and came and told me. The two other Englishmen also asked Mr. Oscar Eckenstein if he could recommend them guides. He himself could not find any, and in his turn applied to me, but all my comrades whom I questioned about it refused, saying it was impossible for these English mountaineers to ascend the Matterhorn that season. Finally, three guides were found who were willing to try and follow us with the two English mountaineers; but on account of the opposition of their comrades, they would not start with us, but went round another way so that it should not be known where they were going.

I was quite ready to make the ascent of the peak with my patron and Mr. Fisher Unwin, for I thought that the weather would be fine

and that our expedition would be successful. So in the afternoon, we set out and went to the lower Hut.

By morning the sky was absolutely clear. Our party, Mr. Eckenstein, Mr. Unwin and I, started first, as we were independent and a smaller party on one rope. The others followed, viz., the two Englishmen with Gentinetta and two other guides; so we set out in the direction of the summit. Hardly were we half-way, before the two guides were frightened at the quantity of snow and ice by which we were confronted, and insisted on turning back. At the old or second Hut, which is full of ice, we had a conference, and my patrons agreed to add to our party one of the Englishmen if Gentinetta would come with him, while the others returned to Zermatt. However, I did not lose heart, and as I am used to wearing crampons which are of much assistance in walking over the ice, in spite of all difficulties, we arrived on the top about noon. There we remained for about fifty minutes, enjoying the beauty of the scenery. Needless to say my companions were well satisfied.

I must not forget to record one incident of our descent. A little below the shoulder

one of our ice-axes struck some strange substance, and we noticed something sticking out of the ice; we set to work with our axes and dug out the remains of a knapsack and a camera. We carried away the lens and metal cigarette box. We came to the conclusion that these things were the only relics of Herr Goehrs, a German photographer, who had lost his life in the previous year.* The descent, however, was an extremely difficult matter, for the snow was not solidified, and below there was a slope of hard ice. We only reached the Hut about one o'clock in the morning.

In the meantime, Herr Seiler had sent two guides with provisions—believing that we should have to spend the night on the mountain—and most acceptable they proved to us. No doubt we were somewhat joyous while talking over our ascent, and sounds of disapproval came from the sleeping corner of the Hut. To our surprise we found an Englishman and a guide there, who proposed following

* The things were subsequently sent to the relatives who identified them. The late owner, Herr Goehrs, of Strasburg, and his two guides, Alois Graven and Josef Brantschen, were killed by a fall on the 13th of September, 1890.

on our steps in the morning. However, they crossed by the pass into Italy and gave up the attempt. It was a curious coincidence—the Englishman was Mr. FitzGerald, and this was my first meeting with my future patron. After having done full justice to the food, we made for the Schwarzsee Hotel. During the day, the mountaineers staying at Zermatt with their guides were watching us through telescopes, and it seemed to them impossible that we should ever have successfully achieved the ascent.

When I went back to Zermatt, I was much upbraided by my professional comrades for having gone in spite of general opposition, a fact which drew down upon me much envy and ill-will. It mattered little to me, however, for my only aim was to do my duty.



CHAPTER IV

EXPEDITION TO THE HIMALAYAS

AMONG the many climbers who were staying at Zermatt in the summer of 1891, was Sir Martin Conway—one of the most distinguished of living mountaineers—to whom I owe a special debt of gratitude, both for the many times he has permitted me to share his climbs and for all he has done to improve my position in life. He had determined to undertake an expedition to the Himalayas, and came to Zermatt on purpose to find a suitable guide. My brother Louis

recommended me and gave for reference my patron, Mr. Oscar Eckenstein. The latter, who had always shown me the most marked kindness, spoke for me, mentioning, in particular, the good work I had done for him. It grieved me, however, to think of leaving my esteemed employer who had been the first to give me a start in my profession. Nevertheless, the contract was drawn up and Sir Martin Conway returned to London where, some days after, Mr. Eckenstein joined him.

In about a fortnight, my new patron's formal agreement to the contract arrived. At the same time, came the news that another gentleman, Lieutenant the Honourable C. G. Bruce, of the 1st Battalion, 5th Gurkhas, had asked to be allowed to make one of our party. It being my custom to test the powers of any climber to whom I was going to act as guide, this led to Mr. Bruce's coming to Zermatt the following winter, for a month. This was long enough for me to recognise him as a first-rate mountaineer as well as a good and kind-hearted man.

In the beginning of January, 1892, I started for London. Here all the necessary preparations for our journey—which was to occupy a year—had to be made. This was a work of some weeks, since provisions for five persons

had to be prepared for the whole period of our proposed absence. When all was in readiness, I employed the time I had to spare before the departure of the steamer, in going about London and thus had an opportunity of admiring, in all her magnificence, the city that is pre-eminently the queen of the world.

At last, on the 5th of February, 1892, having made our final *adieux*, we set off by rail at 8 p.m. for our destination, went on board the steamer and sailed the next day. The weather was splendid, and we were in excellent health. After two days' journey, however, a heavy gale got up, and our vessel was a good deal knocked about. No one was seen any longer on deck, but all sought some place of shelter from the high wind. This state of things lasted for three days, and a very unpleasant time we had! Many of the passengers were victims to *mal de mer*, but I, thank goodness, was luckily exempt. At last, when we were off the coast of Portugal, fair weather set in, and after touching at Port Said and Aden, we arrived at Karachi on the 7th of March.

It was stifflingly hot at Karachi, and my first impressions of the place were not very favourable. When I saw the nearly nude natives, with

their semi-dignified, semi-barbarous customs, I thought to myself, "Who knows if we shall ever have the good luck to get out of this?" However, I plucked up courage, and spent all that day in forwarding our baggage to its destination.

At nine o'clock at night, we resumed our journey by train wherein were many Hindoos who were all talking in what was, to me, an unknown tongue. I wrote down some of the words which I heard and, as I could always find some one who spoke French and German, obtained a translation of them and thus, by degrees, learned to understand the language. The country we passed through during the night seemed absolutely uninhabited, and only the next morning, could I perceive a few small houses along our route which was, for the most part, destitute alike of agriculture and population.

The heat was nearly insufferable — after midday the thermometer registered 34° centigrade. After 11 p.m. we stopped for twenty-five minutes, to have something to eat and, resuming our railway journey, reached Lahore at about 3 p.m. on the following day. Here we stayed six hours and changed our line of railway. We had a drive through the city,



STREET SCENE, LAHORE.

and I was intensely delighted at seeing the interesting antiquities in the museum.

We resumed our journey and, travelling all night, found ourselves by the morning, on higher ground, in the middle of a beautiful and fertile plain where the temperature was much more endurable. An hour after midday, we arrived at the station of Hasan Abdal where we left the railway and took a carriage for the rest of the way. It was a distance of fifty English miles which we did in about five hours and a half, for our horses—which were several times changed during the journey—went like the wind.

By that evening, we were at the village of Abbottabad. Here we found the officer who was to join our expedition, for through an unexpected order he had been obliged to leave London before us. He was anxiously awaiting our arrival, and gave us a most kind and courteous welcome. The continuous headache from which I had up till now been suffering, disappeared as if by magic ; the heat was not so insupportable in these parts. During the night, too, a little rain had fallen which was most grateful. We were in sore need of a rest, for, from the time of our starting up to the present, we had obtained but little sleep.

Abbottabad—where we stayed from the 11th till the 28th of March—lies among the hills and belongs to the British dominions. There were four battalions of native soldiers stationed there, but their officers all come from England. As our aim was to get to the mountains, we began by making some hill-excursions in which some of the officers wished to take part. Our first journey lasted about four hours and I thus had the pleasure of exploring some of this extensive region. I felt my heart swell and overflow with delight when I descried afar off the lofty peaks whose crests glistened with ice and snow.

Abbottabad, however, was not the only place which we visited at this time. We were waiting for our baggage and could not tell when it might arrive. During this interval, I much enjoyed some sporting excursions, and here feel it a duty to express my thanks to the gallant English officers for their unbounded courtesy and kindness, not only to my patron, but to myself. I was several times invited to their mess and I shall never forget the delicious beer with which they regaled me.

On the 26th, our baggage arrived and having made an inventory of it, we packed it

on twenty mules that the English Government had lent us for our expedition. On the 28th, after taking leave of our friends the officers, we set out in a vehicle which, in those parts, is called an *ekka*. It had two wheels and for seat a cage-like structure wherein you occupy a most uncomfortable position. Meantime, the heat was stifling. After a five hours'



EKKA.

journey we reached a house, or *dák bangla* as it is called here, which serves as a resting-place for travellers. These buildings, which answer the purpose of inns, are erected by government and are something like the 'refuges' to be found on the Swiss mountain passes. Here we stayed the night although beds there were none, but we made the best of the accommodation provided.

The next day, we were on the road again and crossed a sandy tract of country, which was quite destitute of vegetation and suggestive of an African desert. The heat was so intense that it formed a haze which absolutely hid what lay before us. We arrived at a little village called Habibulla where our *ekka* journey came to an end and, after taking some needed refreshment, we surmounted a hill and reached another wide valley which I shall never forget, owing to the fact that, although after our three hours' march we were parched with thirst, there was not a drop of water to be found there.

We passed the night at the little hamlet of Domel, and the next morning, took our places in a kind of cart. The road was in a very bad condition: the wheels of our vehicle either jolted over stones or sank into ruts, and the drought produced a fearful amount of dust. In this way, we proceeded all day and, in spite of many drawbacks, reached Chakoti. The house where we spent the night was old, and, to quote Sir Martin Conway in his *Climbing in the Karakoram Himalayas*, "I should judge full of scorpions; at all events, one fell from the roof of the veranda almost on to my head. All our bones were aching from the

jolting of the springless carts and our heads from the power of the sun, but a night's rest set us all right."

The next day, we took to our cart again, but when we had done a stage of our journey, the driver lost his bearings, the vehicle began to take a zigzag course and finally went off the road and rolled over the embankment. I was unable to jump out and had a bad quarter of an hour. Fortunately, however, I extricated myself after only a little shaking. We righted ourselves as best we could and, to avoid further mishap, determined to take the horses' reins ourselves.

In the evening, we reached the shore of a lake—close to which was a small village called Barramula—where we passed the night in a boat. We then prosecuted our journey by water, and this was a much pleasanter experience, save that I was suffering from my foot which I had hurt the day before. We were two days on the lake and then found ourselves in a canal about five yards wide. At night, we arrived at the city of Srinagar, but as entrance at that late hour was forbidden by law, we had to wait outside. On the morrow, we took our boat up the canal wider at the principal landing stages—into the city which is large,

but badly built. The Rajahs live in sumptuous palaces, whilst the native habitations are little better than dens. What with the filth and the evil smells, one would not be surprised if every kind of disease raged here.

Mr. A. D. McCormick thus alludes to Srinagar, as seen in the distance: "I . . . saw a fairy city . . . with spires of silver piercing the dark and the sound of many voices chanting in low, monotonous chant." Of the town as he found it, he adds: "It was dirty, but it was indeed lovely. There were subjects without end for etcher and painter. Colour, light, form and figures, sparkling water, quaint bridges, houses tumbling into attitudes expressly for sketching, and all beautiful." Both he and Mr. Eckenstein were much pestered by people wanting to sell them things.

We climbed an eminence on which was built a small Indian temple, dating back to the year 1100. From here we were enabled to enjoy a most delightful view of the surroundings. In the evening, we took a stroll through the city. To me the dwellings of the natives, built of mud and destitute of furniture, were a most curious sight. The inhabitants live on bananas and other fruits—a diet, one



THE MUNSHI BAGH, SRINAGAR.

would think, more suitable for animals than for human beings. We saw itinerant merchants who offered beautiful silver and copper wares for sale.

The next day an English gentleman invited us all to make a tour of inspection and we saw what a rich trade is carried on here ; it is, however, monopolised by Europeans. During a little climbing expedition which lasted five hours, to my great amazement, on the summit of a hill, we came across some *edelweiss*, like that so often found on my native mountains. Of this *edelweiss*, Mr. Eckenstein remarks that, as far as he could see, it was exactly like the Swiss *Gnaphalium Alpinum* in appearance, but with a distinctive scent about it that was quite noticeable.

The following day, our baggage arrived in the charge of four soldiers who had brought it the whole way and were to follow us to our destination. We had already a hundred coolies engaged, all natives, and we were privately warned that they were also thieves. I therefore trusted in the vigilance of the Gurkhas. We divided all our effects into bundles, weighing about twenty-five kilogrammes each, and they were thus transported, subject to conditions laid down by

the Rajah whose functions are the same as those of our Swiss communal syndics. Eleven days had been necessary to accomplish this expedition.

We left Srinagar and, turning back by the same canal and travelling all night, arrived by the morning, at the foot of a hill. It was a fine sight to watch our cavalcade make for the top; it reminded me of the army of General Bourbaki, when he entered Switzerland in 1871. Sir Martin Conway told me that we should have to travel in this way for seven or eight months. Having reached the summit of the hill, we rested and two coolies of our *entourage* prepared us an excellent meal. The natives, however, whose creed forbade them to share our food, carried their own with them. It consisted of a little flour, of which they made a paste with water, like dough, and took it in turns to roast and eat it before the fire. Their beverage was made with a kind of herb something like tea. For daily pay, they received about four *annas*, that is to say, about threepence-halfpenny in English money.

In this fashion, we journeyed for twenty-three days and only paused when the coolies wanted a rest. In such intervals, I often

joined Mr. Bruce in his search for game; he was a most cheerful and agreeable companion and very keen on sport, so that it was a pleasure to accompany him. We did not invariably have fine weather, but during our journey, had heavy showers and sometimes snow. At such times, we had to wait, so that our coolies, who marched bare-footed and poorly clad, should not desert us.

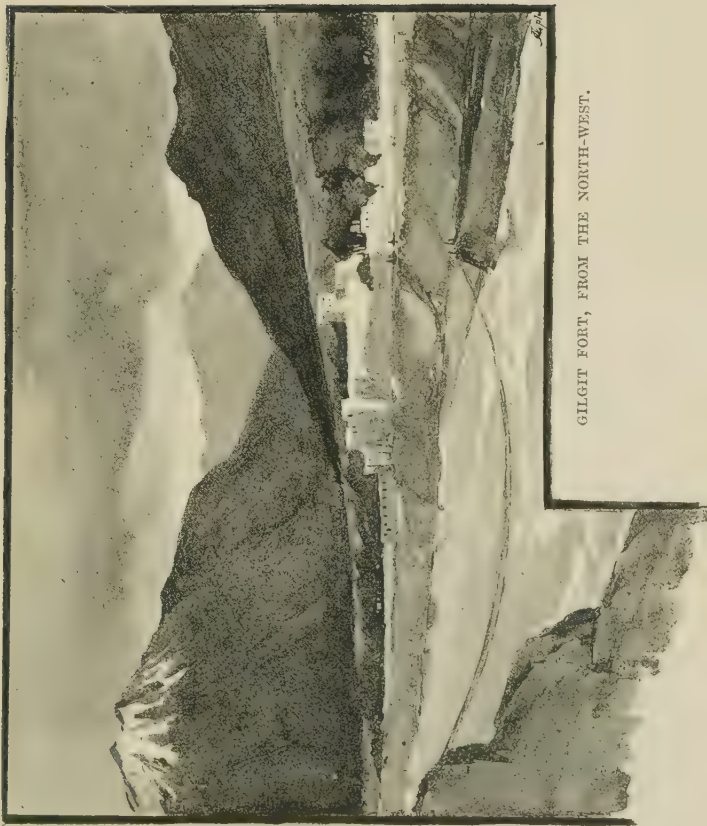
We had some difficulty in finding Gilgit Fort: it was useless to question the natives, for their way is, out of politeness, to make their answer correspond with what you want it to be. Thus we asked: "Where does the Colonel Sahib live?" The obliging native replies: "That way." "How far off?" we urge. "Not far—a little way," he responds soothingly. "A mile?" we suggest. "Yes, a mile," he obligingly answers. "Perhaps two miles?" we insinuate. He is equally obliging. Finally, when we exclaim, "Out with it! how many miles?" he replies: "As many as the sahib pleases."

At last, we reached Gilgit by our own lights. It is a village at the foot of the high mountains, which, when we saw it, presented a most attractive aspect. Several English officers, with four hundred native soldiers,

were stationed there. The heat was suffocating, the thermometer registering 29° to 31° centigrade. But most disagreeable was the wind which blew every afternoon with such vehemence that it was impossible to go out. We stayed here for four days, but I was glad to get away, for the place was not healthy. Indeed, we were all more or less ailing and had no appetite, during our sojourn there.

On leaving Gilgit, we did two hours on horseback, till we were confronted by a great river. It was nearly ninety yards wide and was spanned by a rope bridge, made of cables of twisted birch twigs. Having crossed this bridge, after another long stage, we arrived at a small hamlet called Sinakar, and from here, we proceeded in the direction of the glaciers.

We now traversed another valley and, after seven hours of toilsome march, reached a group of huts. Here occurred an incident which made a strong impression on me. The inhabitants came out to meet us with every demonstration of delight, to the accompaniment of horns, fifes and drums, and offered us tea and other refreshments. We accepted a little milk, and my patrons gave our hosts a remuneration with which they were very pleased, and showed their gratitude accordingly.



GILGIT FORT, FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

At last we reached the foot of the glacier, and there we pitched our tents for the night. On the following morning (May 15th), we crossed the glacier and reached the moraine on the other side. We continued our march, but were hindered by a heavy rain which finally compelled us to halt: indeed, on the heights, it was snowing. In the meantime, I had a look round to gain some idea of the glaciers and peaks. On returning, I found, to my great delight, that one of my patrons wished to ascend a peak just facing us. Sir Martin Conway did not make one of the party, as he was busily engaged in the construction of a map.

After two hours' walking, we reached the foot of the peak which, from this point, had to be climbed by a couloir, but our progress was difficult, on account of the snow which had recently fallen. Having reached the summit which exceeded Monte Rosa in height (it was about 16,000 feet), we enjoyed a glorious view and could admire the magnificent panorama around us. We saw many other peaks, much higher than ours: the whole scene was a colossal display of the marvellous work of the Creator. We made the descent by another way; it was not difficult, but dangerous on

account of the untrustworthy rock. In five hours we were back at our starting-point. We christened this first summit achieved by us, the Ibex Peak.

The following day, as we were still fatigued by our journey, and Sir Martin Conway had not yet finished his map, we took a stroll in search of botanical and geological specimens, returning to our encampment towards night-fall. On the morrow, we climbed an eminence on which Sir Martin Conway took many photographs; he even succeeded in securing one of the Ibex Peak—my first Himalayan ascent. The wonderful view we had obtained, produced in the minds of us all an intense longing to do one peak in particular, much higher than our first.

However, for the time being, the bad weather forced us to rest, and when the opportunity came for climbing the peak I have mentioned, one of my patrons, being indisposed, had to stay at the encampment, whilst I started only with Sir Martin Conway and Mr. McCormick—the artist. The afternoon was already advanced, and after three hours' walking, we stopped at a spot that seemed a suitable one at which to pass the night. It was not possible to sleep, for we were in the middle of a great couloir,



DAINYOR ROPE-BRIDGE.

and I had to keep guard, on account of the avalanches which were constantly falling from the heights above us. We were also disturbed by occasional small stone-falls.

In the morning, we followed the couloir, cutting steps in the ice with an axe, as we proceeded. We did another five hours' walking and reached an eminence where we breakfasted. We resumed our way and traversed a steep ridge, when we lost much time through the necessity of paying close attention to every step, on account of the loose stones underfoot. This brought us to a peak, about 16,250 feet high, and here bad weather came on again: moreover, our supply of provisions did not warrant going further, so we had to return to our encampment. Here I found enough work to do in repairing boots and clothes. I was also often obliged to act in the capacity both of carpenter and barber.

Mr. Bruce had now nearly recovered from his illness. It was therefore decided to begin the ascent of a still higher peak; it was a long expedition and necessitated our taking many coolies. We were soon on the ice and, after a fatiguing climb of four hours, reached a spot where we could pitch our tents and take some needed rest. In the meantime, it began

to rain and, higher up, to snow heavily. Taking a little stroll round, I was fortunate enough to see two bears. On my party hearing the news, it was decided we should set out to find them, and one of our number, who had an Indian huntsman with him, had the luck to kill one of the animals.



THE MESS TENT.

Then I began to explore a safe route for us to take, but as so much snow had fallen, it seemed wiser to delay our departure for a day. During the night, it began to snow afresh, and we had again to defer our expedition. Finally, the weather cleared, and it was

arranged we should do a smaller peak, from whence we could better see the possibilities of the other higher one we had in view, which was about 21,000 feet high. It was the intention of my patrons to ascend to an altitude which exceeded that of Chimborazo—the mountain climbed by Mr. Edward Whymper in South America—which reaches an elevation of 21,420 feet. The peak before us was only 16,050 feet high, but from here we were able to reconnoitre the other one, for the ascent of which we had to wait some days, so that the newly-fallen snow might melt.

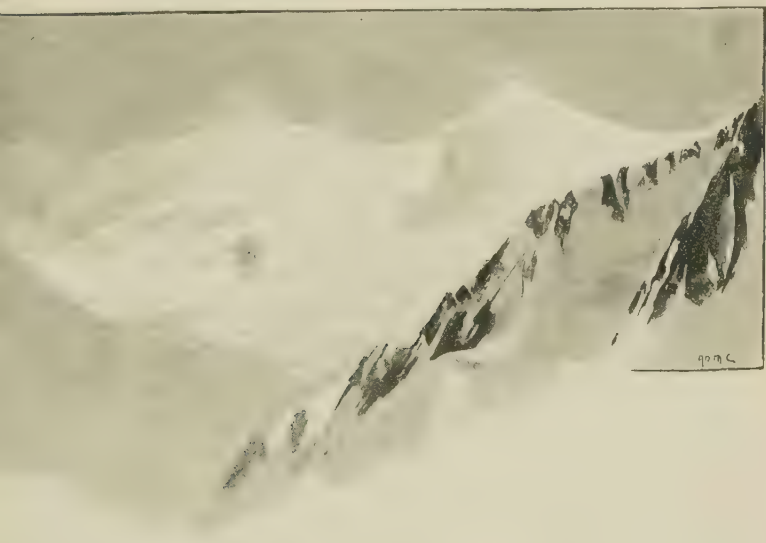
At last, however, we started with six coolies, crossed the glacier and reached the opposite side where a singular accident happened, though for that matter, it might have been foreseen. We had to make our way over a huge field of ice and were undeterred by the number of crevasses we found therein. I had already warned my climbers, whenever they saw an avalanche coming, to throw themselves face downwards on the ground. We had not been walking many minutes before we heard a noise. Ahead of the others, I was aware of an avalanche falling in our direction and immediately called out: "Down on the ground! down on the ground!" Instead of obeying, however,

my patrons began to run out of the way. Sir Martin Conway alone, who trusts me implicitly, followed these instructions and escaped the danger. The others, on the contrary, soon found themselves head over ears in about seven inches of snow. They were promptly rescued and suffered no further disaster: indeed, the whole affair ended in a hearty laugh. Then all agreed with me that the wisest thing to do, in a like emergency, was to throw yourself on the ground and cover your face with your hat.

Now we came to the foot of a great gully or couloir, along which we pursued our way for five hundred and forty yards. We put on the crampons, in order not to have the inconvenience of cutting steps and, in this way, reached a height of 15,600 feet where we encamped. I then went up for another three thousand feet, in search of a better route. On coming down, the weather-signs seemed distinctly unfavourable, for a north wind had got up which, like the south wind in Europe, is here a forerunner of bad things to come. As a matter of fact, quite seven inches of snow fell in the night. In the morning, there was nothing else for it but to turn back. We had to use many precautions, on account of the

avalanches which fell in every direction. On our return journey, hints were obtained for the map, whilst we took photographs all along our route—in spite of the continuous snow-fall—and finally arrived at Gilgit.

Here we waited for the weather to clear,



CHOGO AND SADDLE PEAKS, FROM DASSKARAM NEEDLE.

and then made an expedition to the Hunza valley. We could, however, ascend but few peaks during that month, because it was always raining and, on the mountains, snowing. It was now the beginning of July, and our patience was at length rewarded by a clear

sky. We immediately made for a peak in a group called the Dasskaram Needles. We enjoyed, from thence, a magnificent view, but were much hampered in our progress by the freshly-fallen snow which still covered the moraine and the glacier. From this height, we discovered that we could easily effect an entrance into the Hispar valley.

It was for the Hispar valley that we now set out, and after surmounting a hill, we reached a village. Here we decided to find our way over the great col. We proceeded for several days across the ice, and having thus done a stage of our journey, Mr. Roudebush thought he had found an easier pass, so determined to take it. Some of the coolies assured him it was a good route, so I determined to begin it with him: some porters also accompanied us. By this pass, we were to reach the valley of Braldo and finally, by way of Askole, the glacier of Hispar, and so join the rest of our party who were proceeding by a more direct line.

It was the 14th of July when Mr. Roudebush's expedition started to go over the Nushik La down to the Shigar valley. I was to accompany them for the first two marches. The weather now became threatening and it

was not long before large flakes of snow began to fall, just as if we had been in the middle of winter, whilst a dense mist hindered us from seeing more than ten yards before us. Fortunately, only the day before, I had mapped out our route by the compass on a



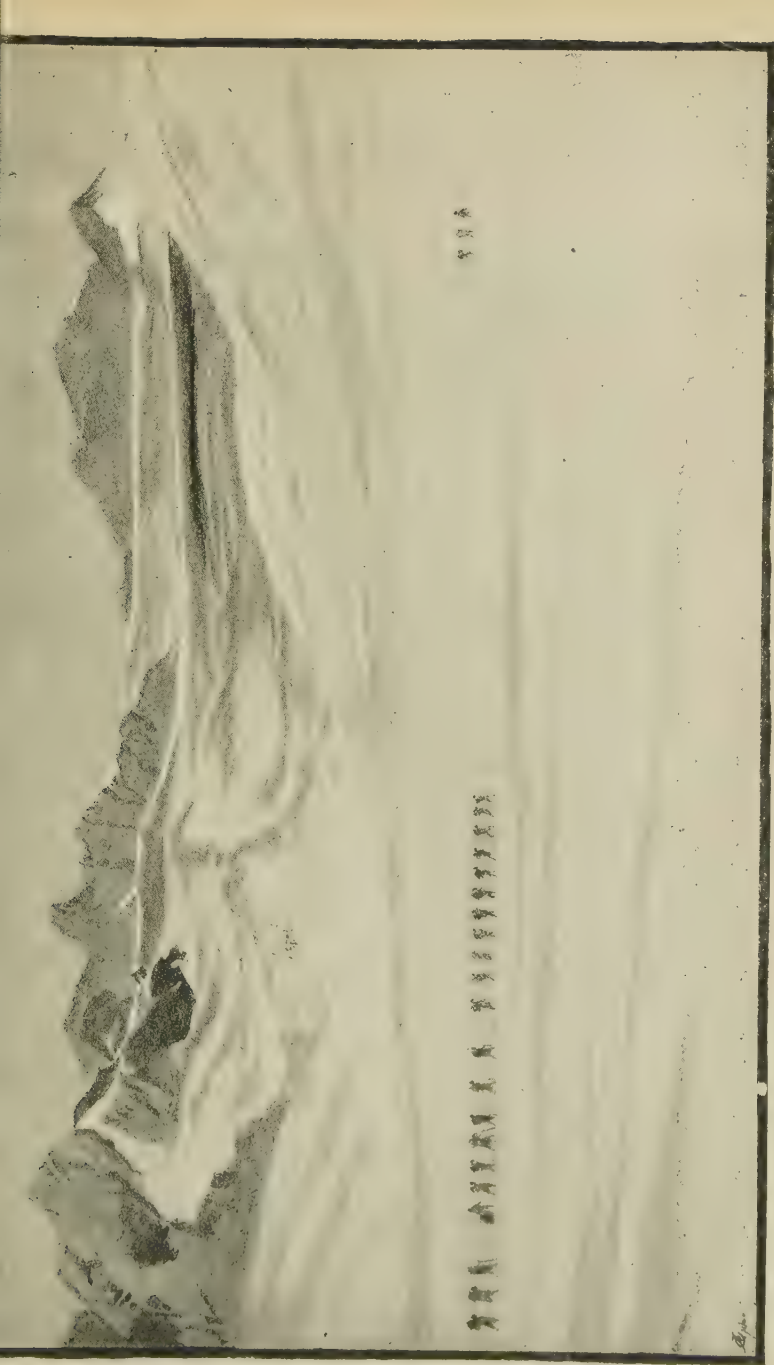
THE NUSHIK LA, FROM KANIBASAR CAMP.

sheet of paper, and thus we were always enabled to know our bearings.

The coolie, who had told us this was an easy route and boasted of having already traversed it several times, went on ahead, but, perceiving that he was ignoring my calculations, I warned him of the risk and told him

it was dangerous to proceed further and that it would be best to turn back. He would not take my word for it, however, and, leaving me behind, the rest of the party went on, but realising that if they persisted, they would meet with certain death on account of the great crevasses in the glacier, I called out to them with as much strength of lungs as I could muster, to come back. They obeyed and, recognising the gravity of the situation, admitted the wisdom of my advice. We then adopted another route—with the exception of the coolie who, perhaps ashamed of his blunder, made his own way back again. By means of the compass, we arrived at the summit of the col. The descent on the other side was more successful, as it kept fine all the time; it was not, however, without dangers, owing to the crevasses in the ice, which caused us finally to abandon the track.

On the morrow, I returned with a coolie to meet Sir Martin Conway who, engaged in map-making, had taken five days to do what I had accomplished in two—walking moreover by night, with a lantern, in order not to lose the trail on the ice. I found him in high spirits and making merry over the party



HISPAR SNOWFIELD, NEAR THE PASS.

having all spoilt their boots. We halted for a day, during which I was wholly occupied as cobbler.

On the following day, we awoke betimes and, after a good cup of hot tea, were off again. The glacier was covered with snow, the temperature moderate, and we did a very picturesque stage of our journey. The coolies were exhausted by fatigue and complained loudly of their burdens. Every now and then, we came to terrible crevasses where the snow gave under our feet. However, we escaped the many perils that beset our path and, from time to time, agreed to change our course. We were at the foot of an eminence at whose summit we descried a lofty plateau which we believed to be the col, but we were mistaken, as it took two more days to reach the latter.

The col is a beautiful and extensive plateau, from whence a superb view can be enjoyed, but the sky was overcast and threatened snow: after a little gust of wind, however, it became clearer. We stayed the night there and I shall never forget the beauty of our surroundings. We saw the great glacier stretching away towards Askole, whilst the landscape was dotted over with little lakes and

irrigated by many water-courses. Sir Martin Conway says of the top of the Hispar Pass : "It was beyond all comparison, the finest view of mountains it has ever been my lot to behold, nor do I believe the world can hold a finer."

Changes of weather in the mountains are of very frequent occurrence. During the night snow began to fall again. In the morning, we measured the snowfall: it was nearly six inches. The coolies became quite desponding; they were doubtless afraid of dying on the heights; some uttered loud complaints, whilst others wept or prayed. I tried to encourage them and improve their *morale*, before setting out on our march—a toilsome one, on account of the soft snow and the flat ice where the water had no free course. Indeed, we appeared as if we had come out of a bath for, in some places, the water was up to our waists. By the evening, we arrived on the moraine where our first impulse was to undress and dry our clothes.

On the morrow, we set out in the direction of Askole, a small village, situated at a height of about 10,200 feet. I was very glad to get there, for I had been without tobacco for four days and felt the want of it more than I



HALT ON THE TOP OF THE HISPAR PASS.

should have done the lack of bread. Sir Martin Conway sent me to procure provisions and also coolies ; he was obliged to stay and finish his geographical work. He still remained within a day's journey of Askole, but I reached it on the evening of July 21st, with two porters. Having despatched the latter with provisions, I remained at the village, where in two days' time, Sir Martin Conway, with the rest of the expedition, joined me, and thus all together again once more, we enjoyed a few days' rest. My time, however, was fully occupied in acting as cobbler to the whole party ; indeed, I mended no less than seventeen pairs of boots and twelve pairs of shoes.

Everything being once more in order, we started anew on our travels. Our expedition now numbered eighty members, besides twenty sheep and fifteen goats—to furnish us, at our need, with both meat and milk. We traversed the Baltoro valley and, after two days, arrived on the bank of a wide stream where we pitched our tent and stayed the night. Here we noted a curious phenomenon. The stream was but small in the evening, but during the night, we suddenly heard a loud noise which proved to be the rushing of the water. On the morrow, we perceived the

river had developed into a regular torrent, owing to the splitting of a glacier-lake which had thus produced this increased volume of water.

This torrent had to be crossed, but how?—that was the question. I suggested making use of a rope which Mr. Bruce knotted round him and so reached the opposite shore. The rope was then securely fastened on either side, and we were thus all enabled to pass over, as well as to get our animals across. This work lasted several hours, for the party consisted of my three patrons and myself, four Gurkha soldiers, one cook and his two assistants, ten *lambadhars*, who were the chief men of the village, and seventy coolies.

In two days, we reached the foot of the Baltoro glacier, and here we stopped in order to give the coolies time to get their feet accustomed to the hide shoes which they were to wear on the ice. Pursuing our way, we could see in the distance, the three highest peaks: Sir Martin Conway said they would be more than 25,000 feet high; they were indeed colossal! I was wondering if it would be possible to climb one of them. At nightfall, we halted and encamped in the middle of the glacier and from here, pursued our march



LOOKING DOWN THE ASKOLE VALLEY FROM THE FOOT OF THE BIAFO GLACIER.

for three days, and then settled to do one of the peaks. It was decided to send back forty-seven of our porters and only to keep twenty-five—a sufficient number for the remainder of the expedition.

We set out early one morning for the pro-



FOOT OF THE BALTORO GLACIER.

posed climb, in glorious weather, but found progress very difficult, owing to the route being so precipitous. We reached our goal however by 11.40 a.m. The view was magnificent: we found ourselves at an elevation of more than 20,000 feet and yet did not feel the cold.

Whilst returning, Sir Martin Conway complained of headache, and the other gentlemen were indisposed, owing, no doubt, to atmospheric causes.

Having reached our tents, we indulged in a day's rest. I then went with Mr. Bruce in search of an easy route for the ascent of another very lofty peak. After a three days' expedition, we were able to return and tell Sir Martin Conway that we had reconnoitred what seemed a fairly easy way, but whilst we were preparing for this new ascent the next morning, we found eleven inches of fresh snow round our tents. We were evidently in for a spell of bad weather, with no sign of it changing, so there was nothing else for it, but to wait for better conditions. In the meantime, we strolled about the encampment which was pitched at an altitude of over 16,000 feet. At last the sky cleared, and all was in readiness for departure : Sir Martin Conway had already been to the foot of Pioneer Peak. It was the 21st of August when our various contingents began to move forward. We found much difficulty on account of the crevasses in the glaciers and had to take a zigzag direction ; finally, we came to a deadlock, and I had to go on a voyage of discovery to find the safest course for us to follow.



ICE-CAVE ON THE BALTORO GLACIER.

After several days' delay, I was enabled to make out a plan of the way to be followed, which was not devoid of danger, but was the only one open to us. Indeed, we had to exert all our strength, for during the climb, we had to negotiate most appalling crevasses. In such moments as those, how our thoughts dwelt on the precarious tenure of existence! There was little air: many of the party suffered with headache and could only breathe with difficulty. We were already at an elevation of 20,000 feet. I went ahead to reconnoitre, for there was a snow-slope to be surmounted. At night, one could get but little sleep and had to lie stretched at full length on the ground, the better to help respiration.

The next morning, Mr. McCormick was ill from the effects of the intense cold. Having taken a little chocolate, we pursued our way and scaling the snow-slope, reached its top an hour later. Half an hour on from thence, the cold began to affect Sir Martin Conway's feet: not knowing what to do, I took off his boots and vigorously rubbed his toes, till I knew the danger of frost-bite was obviated. This would, indeed, have been a melancholy contingency, for there were no doctors within 1,200 miles.

We resumed our way till we got to a rock where we found more snow with ice under-



LOOKING DOWN THE SIDE GLACIER FROM THE ARÊTE
OF PIONEER PEAK.

neath, and I had to cut steps for the whole party. We mounted a very steep precipice where I had to redouble my precautions. At

about 3 p.m. we reached the summit—23,000 feet high—where we halted for an hour, whilst Sir Martin Conway worked at his map. My patron told me he was fully satisfied with the result of his expedition and that he should return to Europe quite content.

It is impossible for me to describe the glorious view that we had from this height. For my part, it seemed to me that we were much nearer heaven. Before me, I saw all the beauties with which a good God has endowed this earth of ours. But Sir Martin Conway will, I am sure, forgive me if I quote his description of what we saw from Pioneer Peak: "It was westwards, down the valley we had mounted, and far far away to the north-west, that the vastest area was displayed to our wondering gaze. Gusherbrum, the Broad Peak, and K. 2 showed their clouded heads over the north ridge of the Throne, and were by no means striking objects. Further round we looked straight down the Throne glacier to its junction with the Baltoro, right above which rose in all its constant majesty the finest mountain of this district, second only to the incomparable Matterhorn for majesty of form, the Mustagh Tower. It is

a peak of great height. Beyond this and the neighbouring Mustagh peaks, came the Biafo mountains and those that surround the Punmah glacier. This was but the foreground. Away the eye wandered to the infinite distance, behind the mountains of Hunza, possibly as far as the remote Pamir. This incomparable view was before us during all our descent, with the evening light waxing in brilliancy upon it, and the veil of air becoming warmer over it. The high clouds that overhung it became golden as the sun went down, and every grade of pearly mystery, changing from moment to moment, enwrapped the marshalled mountain ranges that form the piled centre of Asia and send their waters to the remotest seas."

On the summit, we drank a little cognac which we had brought with us from London, and ate something to restore our strength. I smoked a good cigar, and we then commenced the descent, the difficulty of which was greatly enhanced by the ice, especially when night came on.

Once back at our halting-place, we retired to rest directly, for our clothes were wet through and it was very cold. In the morning, we had to wait for the sun to thaw



ON THE TOP OF PIONEER PEAK.

our boots before we could put them on, for they were frozen. The sun's rays were warm but all still experienced difficulty in breathing. We continued the descent with long and frequent glissades and lowered ourselves over the precipices that, coming up, we had surmounted with so much toil.

We reached the second encampment where the porters and Mr. Bruce were awaiting us; they had gone down the evening before, because our one tent was insufficient to accommodate all. Here we rested and a good time we had. Two hours later, we continued our descent towards our third encampment. The snow was soft, and there were many séracs which we had to avoid by taking a zigzag course.

We reached our tents towards evening and here found the other porters, with the cooks. A good cup of tea awaited us and we did justice to a most tempting supper. We were able, likewise, to indulge in a long night's rest, for we no longer suffered with difficulty of respiration or headache: indeed, our health was excellent. In the morning, the cook brought us chocolate into the tent and prepared breakfast. Before us was Pioneer Peak, and we all turned to give it

a hearty cheer that vibrated with the joy of conquest.



VIEW LOOKING WEST FROM PIONEER PEAK.

Sir Martin Conway wished to make accurate calculations, to see if the mountain we

had just climbed, was actually higher than Chimborazo and he found that we were still at about the altitude of Mont Blanc—he also made calculations with the barometer and mercury. “Fancy, Zurbriggen, we *have* been higher: Pioneer Peak is loftier than Chimborazo,* and up till now no one has climbed to such a height!” cried Sir Martin Conway to me in triumph. Who shall describe that moment of ecstasy which filled my heart with joy, after over three months’ toil? Only then did I realise the importance of our enterprise and I cried like a child with sheer delight.

On the morrow, we made our way down still further, although by reason of some snow that had fallen, we found progress difficult over the crevasses which we could hardly recognise. However, we observed all due precautions and, more than once, I had to scale a precipice, the better to reconnoitre the route to be followed.

After four hours’ walking, we again reached the spot where we had encamped for sixteen days. In the evening, it again began to snow.

* Zurbriggen mistakes Chimborazo for the highest point reached by the Schlagintweits, which was the record for altitude at that time.—ED.

When the coolies and the cook, with the provisions and cooking apparatus, arrived, we had supper and then retired to bed. About nine o'clock, we went out to see what sort of weather it was, but snow was still falling and, the next morning, lay on the ground to the depth of four inches. Such a high wind now arose that it was quite impossible to kindle a fire, and we could hardly recognise the site of our kitchen. The snow was blown hither and thither by the blast and made quite a cloud.

I had to go in search of the coolies who were without tents and had gone to find some better shelter when the hurricane came on. The poor fellows were huddled together in little scattered groups of twos and threes, nearly benumbed with the cold, but finding some wood under the snow, I lit a fire for them.

We made a good breakfast and then resumed our march. It was already 2 p.m., and for half an hour, we followed the route we had taken in coming, but then diverged to the left, to feast our eyes on new beauties. Here, likewise, huge and perilous crevasses confronted us. Then I went on in advance to find a safe passage, and seeing it was

necessary to bend more to the left, I at once warned my patrons, who were hastening on, not to lose sight of my track—signalised by steps cut here and there in the ice.

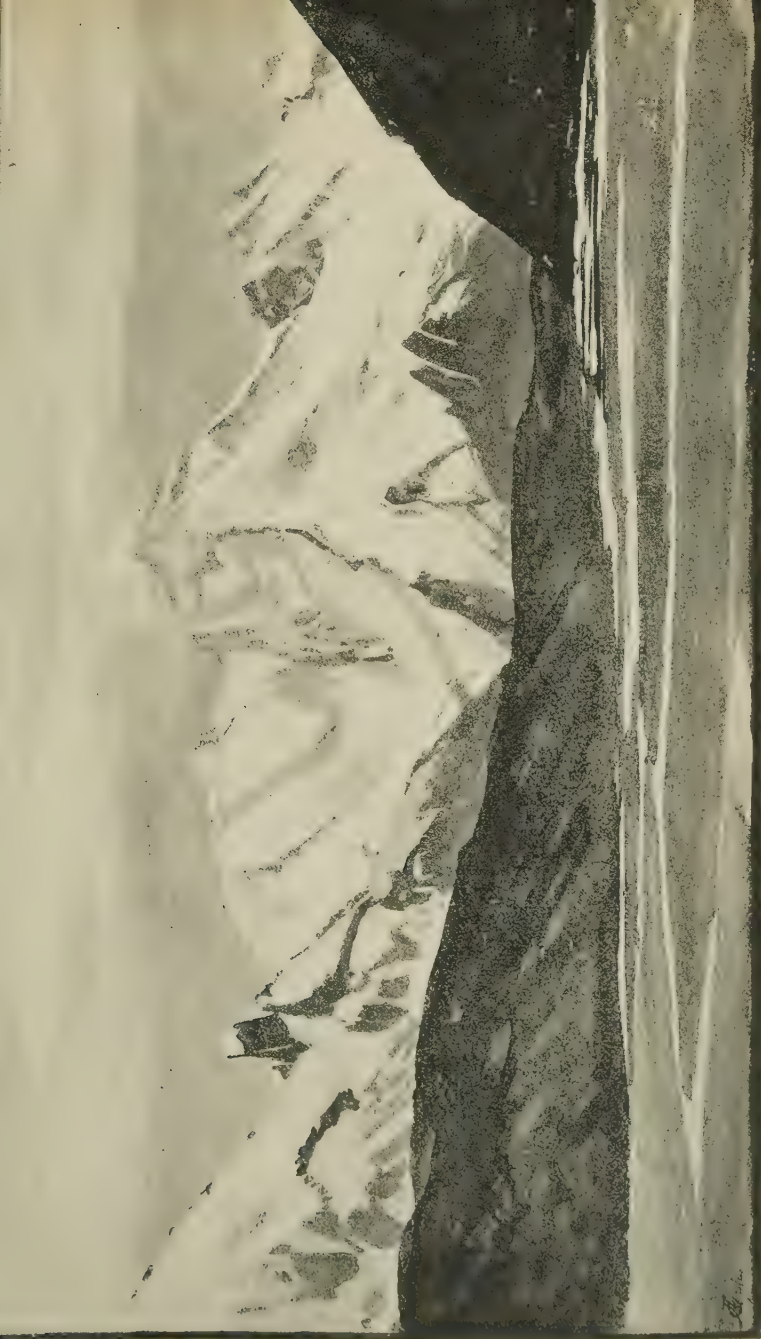
In three hours, we at last reached the rocks, and here found a level bit of ground where we decided to call a halt. During the night, snow fell, and prudence forbade further progress. Meantime, I reconnoitred to find a safe way and, having done so, went back to let our party know of it. The usual impediments in the shape of crevasses presented themselves, and we often had to use the rope and were also obliged to help the porters, to prevent any misfortune happening.

Yet we had not proceeded an hour on our way, before an accident occurred which, luckily, only resulted in a fright. We had to cross a crevasse by a great stone which lay, bridge-wise, athwart it. My patrons and I managed it successfully and we were already more than fifty yards ahead, when we heard a voice : “ *Oh, sahib, ideo!* !” (“ Oh, sir, do come ! ”). Running back to see what had happened, we beheld a porter who had fallen into a crevasse, to the depth of about five or six yards. I had the rope ready in a trice and soon hauled him out, more

frightened than hurt. "The foolish coolies," writes Sir Martin Conway anent this incident—recorded under date of August 30th—"greatly prefer stones to ice. They seem to have no sort of idea of looking where they are going, once they have quitted their beloved moraines. In descending the sloping face of one of the ice-waves, down which Zurbriggen cut huge steps, another coolie calmly stepped on to the slope, and over he went to the flat bottom below."

We encamped for the night on the moraine-covered ice. The next day, we saw the ground covered with snow again and setting out about 9 a.m., marched for four consecutive hours. At last, after more than twenty days of travelling and sleeping on the ice, we were again able to feel ordinary ground under our feet, and we stopped in order to devote a day to repairs.

Meanwhile, my patrons had decided to ascend as far as the col of the great peak known as Masherbrum, the height of which is marked in the English geographical chart as 26,500 feet, but the unsettled weather did not warrant such an expedition, so we stayed where we were. During this interval, I explored the foot of the col, to see what it was



MASHERBRUM, FROM STORAGE CAMP.

like : as a matter of fact, it was all ice, and I saw its ascent was quite impracticable, owing to it being absolutely perpendicular ; besides, our coolies, ill-clad and shod as they were for such a venture, would never have accomplished the route. I returned to the camp at nightfall, to report the result of my reconnaissance.

Then, since the weather was so unpropitious, we turned in the direction of Askole, making, by the way, a small collection of botanical specimens. We had to cross another rope suspension-bridge. Here Sir Martin Conway, capable though he be of achieving the most dangerous ascents without the faintest misgiving, turned giddy, as he always does over running water, and I had to hold him tightly with the rope.

Three days' march brought us to Askole where the inhabitants came out to greet us with drums and horns—a curious confusion of sounds—till my patron presented them with *baksheesh*, when they gratefully withdrew. We took some new photographs of this place and, the next day, resumed our march.

As the valley was very narrow — being hollowed between quite perpendicular rocks — and the whole width of the defile was filled

by the torrent, we had to drag ourselves up and cross another of the rope bridges. This transit was a long affair, and took up two hours. We climbed up to the height of 3,250 feet above the valley and at last reached a spot where we could rest and dine; from



NEAR ASKOLE. LOOKING UP THE VALLEY.

thence we proceeded to the foot of the glacier where we passed the night.

The following day, we crossed the glacier and arrived at the top of the col. Here it was much too cold to remain; besides, a furious wind was blowing. We made, however, a very successful descent, reminding one

of that from the Neu-Weissthor on the Macugnaga side. In an hour we did more than 3,250 feet and reached the end of the valley where we recruited our exhausted energies. Then



GORGE IN THE SKORO VALLEY.

our way led through a narrow gorge, wherein we had to cross the torrent nine times before we could emerge from the defile.

In the evening, we arrived at a little village called Skoro—very picturesque as well as rich

in fruit. I remember that Sir Martin Conway said to me: "Well, Zurbriggen, we have done with the snow-mountains now." For my part, I was quite satisfied with our achievements, although, after five months' constant



LOOKING UP THE SHIGAR VALLEY.

climbing, it seemed quite strange to be on level ground again.

On the morrow, we made our way, by a most interesting road, to the village of Shigar where we halted. The next day, after twenty

minutes' march through fields of rye, we reached a river. Here we embarked in an oddly-constructed boat, composed of thirty goat-skins stretched out and fastened together by bamboo canes. As we went, one of the boatmen kept blowing into the skins, to keep them inflated, and displayed so much energy in his task that he sometimes quite lost breath—indeed, it was impossible not to keep from laughing. When the water was smooth, oars were used. At length we came to a point where the current was so rapid that we had to disembark and do a stage of our way by land. It was thus we reached the great river of the Indus. Our boat had been transported thither, so we re-embarked and in twenty minutes, were on the opposite bank.

We now made our way to Skardo. We had determined to make an excursion into West Thibet, on the borders of China—a great distance from where we then were—but were deterred therefrom by the prohibition in those regions against foreigners. In the meantime, we could not cash cheques when we wanted money, as the former are unknown at Skardo; indeed, we had to wait for two days, whilst a telegram was sent to the governor at Gilgit. Finally, the *tehsildar* (prefect) honoured a cheque for

two hundred rupees, and thus we obtained all that was necessary.

I got our baggage packed for departure: a part of it, which was now superfluous, I sent, with thirty coolies, to Srinagar, and the rest, with nineteen coolies, the cooks and two soldiers, followed two of my patrons and myself to the city of Leh.

We set out on horseback. The first day passed without incident, but on the second—whether through the horse's fault or that of his rider it is hard to say—things went from bad to worse and I fell off several times. Sir Martin Conway, himself an experienced horseman, had tried hard to prevent any such catastrophe happening, but when he saw me on the ground, smothered in dust, and the horse running away, he stopped, though he only laughed when he found I was not hurt. I remounted, and on we went, and in a few days it was possible for me to keep my seat on horseback, with no further mishap. Every day, and indeed oftener, we changed coolies and horses.

Seven days' journey brought us to the village of Shargol, about which there was nothing remarkable, except that the inhabitants were Buddhists, whilst in other places we had



PREPARING THE ZUK (GOATSKIN RAFT).

visited, they had been Mohammedans. We left behind at Shargol some of the superfluous baggage that we should only need on our return and, after five days, arrived at Leh. Here we were fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Dr. Weber, the head of the Moravian Mission—a most delightful man. He, on his part, was glad enough to meet with a compatriot, after fourteen years' absence from Europe, and told me about many of his experiences in India. I also found the bottled beer and wine here very good.

After two days at Leh, we started to see a great Buddhist monastery at Himis—about thirty miles distant where we arrived the same evening. The monastery was a huge building; outside it, the representation of a figure was placed in the middle of cocoanut-palms. We met with a very gracious reception, and sweets and dried fruits, as well as wine made of honey, were offered us. We were then conducted into an apartment in the interior of the convent, richly furnished with beautiful carpets. We were much vexed, however, at not being able to understand the language which even our cook was unable to speak.

In the morning, as we were finishing breakfast, the superintendent arrived and took us

round to see other rooms in the monastery, and the temples. The latter were five in number, of a fair size, with fine paintings: there were no artistic ornaments, but statues of Buddha abounded everywhere. There were also great vases full of butter, with a wick burning in



SKARDO.

each. We were forbidden to enter certain places, such being, no doubt, sanctuaries reserved for their religious rites. The monks are all habited in red and wear nothing on their closely-shorn heads. Others, however, let their hair grow long and wear it done into

a plait, but these are not exactly attractive-looking, for the blackness of their hair and their bronzed complexions give them a sinister aspect.



LEH BAZAAR.

After dinner, we were invited to see a lamas-dance which is usually performed about one o'clock. Having mounted a stage, we saw four persons—who appeared to be the performers—come out of the temple. This ballet was in

four acts: the first set forth the world; the second showed how man dies; in the two last were represented the demons who come to carry off the dying man, and the latter's struggles to escape from their clutches—all to the accompaniment of loud cries. It was a most interesting spectacle, but as the dance had been shortened, it only lasted forty minutes. On their festivals, such a ballet occupies three hours.

We took different photographs and were able to understand the invariable formula of their prayers, which is very short and is comprised in the words: "*Om mani padmi Hum*" ("Hail to the jewel in the lotus-flower"). One strange feature I noted is that a man may have several wives, but at Leh, the women are allowed to have more than one husband.

After two days' further stay, we decided to leave, and returned by the same way we had come, to Srinagar, from whence we were to go on to Bombay, *en route* for Europe. When I had travelled for about a month with Sir Martin Conway, we separated. I wandered about here and there on my own account, and finally, on the 20th of November, reached Bombay where the heat was so intense that I was quite ill for five days. On the 27th of



ENTRANCE TO HIMIS.

November, Sir Martin Conway also arrived at Bombay.



MATTIAS ZURBRIGGEN.

At the beginning of December, we embarked for Europe on a German steamer which, on the 17th of the same month, landed us at Trieste

where we took the train for Milan *via* Udine and Venice. From Milan, I proceeded to Novara and, in this way, reached my home at Macugnaga on the 21st of December. Here it was so cold, I was afraid at first to venture outside the door, for fear of taking a chill. After a year of travel, how delightful it was

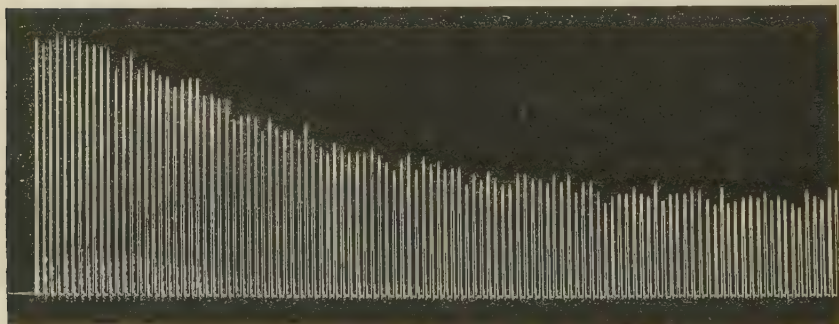


FIG. 1.—M. ZURBRIGGEN. ERGOGRAPHIC CURVE. A WEIGHT OF 4 KILOGRAMS IS RAISED EVERY TWO SECONDS.

to enjoy a rest ! I spent the winter in relating my varied experiences to my friends.

Immediately on my return from the Himalayas, Signor Angelo Mosso asked me to come to his laboratory for a few days, as he wished to obtain a more accurate knowledge of one who presented such resistance to rarefied air. This is what Signor Mosso says of me : “ Zurbriggen was, in 1894, when I examined him, 38 years old, weighed

67 kilograms, and had a stature of 1·68 metres. I ascertained his muscular force by means of the ergograph. With his middle finger he raised a weight of 4 kilograms, the curve given in Fig. 1 resulting. From it we see that the strength of his hands does not surpass the average, but that he

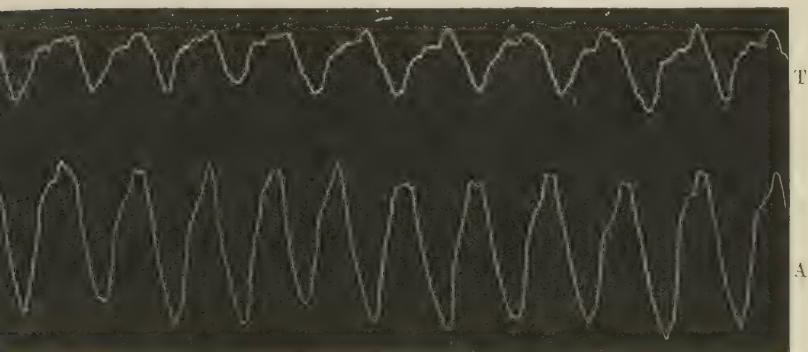


FIG. 2.—ZURBRIGGEN. T. THORACIC RESPIRATORY CURVE.
A. ABDOMINAL RESPIRATORY CURVE WRITTEN AT THE SAME TIME.

has a supernormal resistance to fatigue. This reproduction of the curve is smaller than the original by two-tenths. Zurbriggen's pulse is somewhat irregular: I counted it for four minutes in succession, the number of pulsations being different each time—55, 60, 63, 66. His heart is normal: I took the respiratory curve with Mazet's double pneumograph which was simul-

taneously applied to thorax and abdomen. In Fig. 2 the upper curve shows the thoracic respiration, the lower that of the abdomen. Here, too, I found the usual strength and depth of breathing. At present, I need only add that he presents no peculiarities such as would lead one to expect his remarkable resistance. . . . Zurbriggen's vital capacity is 3,800 cubic centimetres—that is, a little above the average which, for a man of his stature, would amount to 3,500. . . . The chest girth is 0.91 metres.”

CHAPTER V

SOME ALPINE ASCENTS

HARDLY had the season of 1893 begun, than I was engaged as guide by several gentlemen. In June, we made different excursions from Macugnaga to Zermatt. In July, I acted as guide to an Englishman, Mr. A. F. de Fonblanque and a friend of his. We were a month climbing in the neighbourhood of Chamonix and the Montanvert. I returned to Macugnaga towards the end of August, to make excursions with sundry other mountaineers.

In the meantime, Signor L. Vaccarone and the Chevalier Guido Rey had arrived from Turin, with the idea of trying a new route from Macugnaga to the Punta Gnifetti. For this they needed several capable guides, and knowing I should be at Macugnaga, they had counted on me as a member of their

party. Since they placed great confidence in my powers — although I knew as yet little about this new route—it was arranged that we should all go as far as the Pedriolo Alp and that the expedition should remain there till I had reconnoitred the path, in order to avoid all danger.

It was the 2nd of September when our party set out. The other guides were Ludwig Burgener of Macugnaga, and Casimir Therisod of Rhêmes. By 10 a.m., we reached the Pedriolo Alp and from here we wanted to make for the Marinelli Hut, but the weather was anything but hopeful and the tops of the mountains were hidden by clouds; we therefore decided to wait till the following day. My patrons were very vexed at this delay, as they had intended reaching the Punta Gnifetti in order to be present at the inauguration of the Regina Margherita Hut. But I did not despair, although at sunset there seemed little chance of a fine morrow. When the morning broke, every one was jubilant at seeing a promise of glorious weather.

We despatched a messenger to Macugnaga for some provisions and, shortly afterwards, took the way to the Marinelli Hut. Two



VIEW FROM THE REGINA MARGHERITA HUT.

girls tending sheep at Pedriolo kindly offered to help carry our effects as far as the Hut itself. One of them wore masculine attire which gave her a very quaint appearance ; she was a bright, staid, healthy looking girl, quite devoid of feminine coquetry. She told us that she dressed in this fashion in order to be more agile and unfettered for her pastoral duties.

Having reached the Hut, I went on ahead to ascertain the state of the couloir, and finding it plastered with ice and foreseeing how much time it would take by lantern light, at night, to cut steps therein, I judged it as well to get this work forward. I had, however, to be very careful, as in case of anything falling from above, I should have been precipitated into the gulf below. Whilst one of my fellow-guides kept watch, the other held me by the rope, and my task was thus accomplished in an hour and forty minutes.

In the morning, having achieved the traverse, we reached the Imzengrücken rocks—so called from the name of the guide who lost his life here. We were fully exposed to the avalanches, but I warned my party to be on their guard and told them what to do. After an hour on the rocks, we halted, as we had to

surmount a great bank of ice. I climbed by a steep snow-slope—about 130 feet high, that separated a huge cleft in the glacier. I judged this would be practicable, as I had already crossed the same bergschrund in 1886, but I now found it very difficult, on account of the ice being melted by the summer heat. We then reached the séracs above and by these gained stretches of ice covered with powdery snow which made progress very toilsome.

We thought we must have arrived at the summit of the col, but the ice still extended to right and left of us. In that moment of disillusion we were a little disconcerted, but, nevertheless, continued our somewhat devious way. We were now confronted by colossal masses of ice, full of crevasses that were fraught with danger. I descended one of these crevasses to try and scale the other side, but after a few yards, found it was too perpendicular, so scrambled down and tried again to the right where the ascent did not seem so impossible. After many efforts, I succeeded in reaching the top. My patrons felt incapable of this feat, but, by using the rope and taking advantage of the foot-holds and hand-holds already made, all accomplished it very satisfactorily.

After a few minutes' rest, we slowly continued our ascent, cutting steps as we went and, with shouts of triumph, reached the Gnifetti Col at 2 p.m. All at once, we saw, at a short distance, two black specks on the ice. We stared at them and were about to see for ourselves what they might be, when some climbers, who were already at the hut—among whom were the Messrs. Sella—made signs to us not to proceed. What we had descried, in fact, were the corpses of two unfortunate men who had met with their death there, unknown to us all, a few days before; as the bodies had been found on Swiss territory, they were taken down to Zermatt the next day and there buried, nor did we ever find out the names of these ill-fated mountaineers.

The next day, we made the descent. Burgener and I went to Alagna and thence to Macugnaga. Here we found Professor Carlo Rastelli of Bologna, who had several times expressed a wish to make an expedition to the Nord-End. Burgener and I were to act as his guides, and our departure was already arranged when it came on to rain. The weather cleared, however, in two days' time, so we set out at 8 a.m., and by 3.30 p.m. reached the Marinelli Hut. After par-

taking of a frugal dinner, I took my telescope, and, without a word to any one, went and explored our surroundings. The rocks I found covered with ice and smothered, besides, with soft, freshly fallen snow, whence



VALLEY OF ALAGNA.

it was easy to foresee our climb would be a tedious and difficult one.

At 2.30 a.m. we left the Hut, and made for the rocks where we had very soon to use the axe, as we found ourselves on a steep snow-

slope. We then came to the rocks again and, having breakfasted, continued our climb in the direction of the snow-slope, turning to the left. The steepness of the rocks here became more pronounced, and we found ourselves at a critical stage of our climb, where our work was increased, as we were obliged to scrape away the snow and then cut steps in the ice.

Sometimes, we had to cling with hands and feet to the jutting edges of ice and also had to hold on thereto for several minutes, before we could find a good projection which we could grip. Just before arriving at the summit of the couloir, we had to wriggle, like snakes, under a long stone, fixed very unsafely in the middle of the couloir. But we reached the crest we had in view by 3 p.m.

Now our victory was assured, and the delight of having happily surmounted so many perils caused one to forget the fatigue incurred. But I was anxious on my fellow-guide's account, for, having heard him groan several times, I was afraid of his swooning. However, I watched him closely, having the rope in readiness, encouraging him the while, and we finally reached the summit towards 7 p.m.

Here a bitter wind blew full in our faces and tossed the snow up in great eddies. But there

was no time to be lost: we wrote our names on a visiting-card which we put into a bottle, and then commenced the descent. We went down over the buttress-like rocks, in the direction of a gully which brought us on to the glacier. The latter was all covered with soft snow and we found it would be necessary to cut a great many steps before getting down to a safe place.

In the meantime, night came on, and our work went on but slowly and with poor results, by the faint light of a lantern: hence we judged it wise to wait until the morning. Going back a few yards, we found a large slab of rock—as large as a table—which we chose as our resting-place. We were only about 328 feet below the summit. All night long a piercing wind was blowing; it was very cold and small flakes of snow fell continually. I advised all our party to move about, so as not to get frozen, but oh, how long that night seemed!

At the first break of day, we resumed our way, but my fellow-guide had so suffered from the cold, that his toes and fingers were partly frozen; in spite of all our efforts, he could go no further than the Obere Platte and was obliged to halt. Directly we reached the Riffel, we

despatched four men to his aid with a chair. We stayed at the Riffel two days and, during this time, our invalid luckily recovered. Delighted at the success of our expedition and taking the Neu-Weissthor on our way back,



THE RIFFEL PATH.

we proceeded in the direction of Macugnaga. When we approached the Monte Moro Hôtel, we met with quite an ovation from a party of climbers and their friends, all of whom greeted us with loud cheers. We celebrated the occasion with some good wine, and on the

15th of September, I returned home quite satisfied with the work I had done.

During the winter, I received offers of engagements for the next climbing-season from various gentlemen—amongst others, from Sir Martin Conway, asking me to accompany him on an expedition to the Monte Viso side of the Maritime Alps. In order to satisfy all my patrons, I agreed to do a month's climbing with each one.

In the following June, I joined Sir Martin Conway at Turin where he was awaiting me, in company with Mr. E. A. FitzGerald who already had two guides and was anxious to share our expedition. From Turin we made our way from valley to valley towards Cuneo and Tenda, climbing a peak here and there, of which the highest was Monte Viso: this expedition occupied a whole month.

At the beginning of July, I went to do some mountaineering with Mr. Edward Whymper in the neighbourhood of Chamonix. During this time, I accompanied my patron to the summit of Mont Blanc where we remained for five days. But only two of these were really satisfactory, for the weather was mostly unpropitious. In those two days, however, we enjoyed such a view as I never remember



LAC DE CHÈDE AND MONT BLANC.

(From Bourrit's "*Nouvelle Description des Glacières.*")

to have seen before, in the whole of my climbing experiences. The sunrise and sunset that we then witnessed were never to be forgotten. Whoever has not seen this wonderful sight is unable to form any idea of the beauty of such a panorama. The whole time of our stay on the summit of Mont Blanc, I did not feel the ill-effects of the atmospheric pressure at that height: all the other members of our party suffered, more or less, from loss of appetite, mine was not affected, however. When my patron had completed his observatory researches, we went down again to Chamonix.

Meanwhile, Mr. E. A. FitzGerald engaged me to go chamois-hunting with him in Val-Tournanche, the following October, but this expedition was afterwards put off.

In August, after taking leave of Mr. Whymper, I proceeded to Zermatt where two other climbers were expecting me — Messrs. de Fonblanque and Berney — both seasoned mountaineers, with whom I made many ascents, till they were obliged to return to London. On the 12th of September, I returned home, well content to have breathed, if only for the space of three months and a half, the invigorating air of the mountains.

CHAPTER VI

EXPEDITION TO THE NEW ZEALAND ALPS

IN July, 1894, I had received a telegram from Mr. E. A. FitzGerald, asking me to accompany him to New Zealand at the beginning of the winter. Having already been fortunate enough to recognise the sterling qualities of this gentleman, I gladly answered in the affirmative. On the 11th of October, he telegraphed to me to join him at Florence and on the 12th, I left home in order to do so. But we had to delay our departure for several days, as the Australian mail, by which we were to sail, was not due at Brindisi till the 22nd; we reached the latter place by the 21st, and having embarked on the steamship *Australia*, arrived at Port Said in three days.

At Port Said, an unfortunate *contretemps* happened: my patron had with him his valet,

a well-spoken but somewhat hare-brained young man. I was foolishly persuaded to accompany the latter to the city where he wanted to go and see some friends. We repaired to a café, in which my companion left me, saying he would be back in time for the departure of the steamer ; I waited, fully trusting to his speedy return. At last he reappeared, and we proceeded to the steamer, to find, to our dismay, that it had already started half an hour before ! There we were, stranded in a foreign town, without a penny in our pockets ! Luckily, when Mr. FitzGerald found we were missing, he telegraphed to the agents of the P. and O. Navigation Company that we were to embark by the first steamer leaving Port Said for Colombo where we were thus enabled to overtake my patron, as he had disembarked there in expectation of our arrival.

We had to wait ten days for the next Australian-bound boat and, during the interval, we indulged in some sport, but suffered much from the excessive heat : indeed, I was later to experience the bad effects of our sojourn in this unhealthy climate and already felt seriously indisposed. On the 20th of November, we embarked in the steamship *Massilia* and

on the second day, I was taken worse: indeed I was unable to take food of any kind and had to go to bed in a high fever—my temperature rising to 42° centigrade. My patron quite despaired of my life, in fact, and only on the fourth day, did the doctors pronounce me to be out of danger.

Fifteen days later we reached Adelaide and from here went on to Melbourne. As our steamer was late, we could not embark on the New Zealand one which had already sailed. We had to wait till the 12th of December before we could leave by the steamship *Mararoa* for Tasmania and Lyttelton. From the latter place we went to Christchurch, the capital of New Zealand, where we stopped several days to recruit, after our two months' journey. We spent our time fishing, and, on Christmas Day, feasted on the very best trout I have ever tasted.

It was the 30th of December, and all was in readiness for our expedition into the mountains. We left Christchurch in the direction of the Hermitage. Our party comprised my patron, Mr. FitzGerald, a friend of his, Mr. C. L. Barrow, and other New Zealand gentlemen. After five days' journey, we reached the Hermitage where, in a splendid position at

the foot of the mountains in the Hooker valley, is a small hôtel, but unluckily it was then closed *—the proprietors having failed—and we had to pitch our tents in the open.

Before us was the famous Mount Sefton (10,350 feet high) whose sides appear steeper than those of Monte Rosa. Mr. FitzGerald wished to attempt this first of all. It was on the 11th of January that we started up the ridge that lies between the Tewaewe and Huddleston glaciers, with a view to the attack of Mount Sefton on the following day. We had already attained a good height when, in the night, there came a sudden change in the weather and it began to rain; we were thus obliged to go down again to the Hermitage. Not till the 14th did the sky clear so as to enable us to reach the Ball Hut.

From the Hut we had a magnificent view of Mount Tasman as well as of Mount Cook—the highest peak on the island. There was a rumour that the last-named mountain had been climbed, eight days before our arrival, from the opposite side. This might have been owing to the fact that my patron had, some time before, announced in the newspapers that he intended, with the help of a Swiss

* It has since been reopened.

guide, to explore these particular peaks whereon other mountaineers had already made various unsuccessful attempts. This was why so many climbers, belonging to the local Alpine Club, had joined our party, allured by



FIRST ARRIVAL AT THE BALL HUT.

the possibility of achieving the highest New Zealand summits.

After arriving at the Ball Hut, I went higher up for the purpose of reconnoitring a route over the glacier and of mapping out the way up both mountains. Having suc-

ceeded in my aim, we started the following day, to encamp at a much greater height. We were well stocked with provisions and traversed the Tasman glacier for two hours, then diverged to the left over a rib which divided the Freshfield glacier on the right from the Hochstetter glacier on the left.

We now reached the shelter of a rock where we halted, levelling a little space with the axe in order to pitch our tents there. In the night, however, a frightful storm burst over us, accompanied by such violent wind and rain that it seemed as if we were about to be swamped. Luckily, our tent was fixed to the ground, but, nevertheless, we had to exercise care in watching its cords which every now and then snapped. By morning it cleared up, so, having dried our clothes, we continued our climb over the rocks and thus reached Glacier Dome. We crossed the vast plateau and gained the foot of the Silberhorn: here we turned off to the left, to take the south-west ridge, and climbed till 10 o'clock a.m.

But it now seemed as if the elements had conspired to thwart our enterprise: it snowed in a manner suggestive of mid-winter, and we found it impossible to proceed further. We

were about 1,300 feet from the summit. Our difficulties were now increased by the wind, and we began to descend in the direction of the Ball Hut. Our party comprised Messrs. FitzGerald and Ollivier, a porter named Clark—a native of these parts—and myself: the remaining members of our expedition were at the Ball Hut. When we reached the latter, we told our friends how we had started to climb a perpendicular ridge in the most intense cold; how, during our descent, the porter had fallen into a crevasse, dragging one of our party after him, but how both had escaped unhurt, owing to my being able, from a firm stand-point, to hold them back.

We now all left for the Hermitage where we divided: some of the party went back to Christchurch, but we remained for the purpose of making another attempt on Mount Sefton. On the morrow—the 22nd of January—we set out for our bivouac: no sooner had we reached it, however, than the sky clouded afresh. During the night, a high wind got up, and by morning it was snowing. So there was nothing to be done but to turn back.

Under these circumstances, we thought it best to abandon the idea of climbing Mount

Sefton and decided on the ascent of Mount Sealy—with its two peaks—situated more to the left. It was early on the morning of the 24th of January when we made a start. We had a pretty long march to reach the foot of the mountain, and after traversing a very interesting ridge, we arrived on the summit at 3 p.m. The weather was glorious, and this was our first successful expedition, after a month of continual fatigue in the mountains.

I quote the following account, given by Mr. Claude Barrow, of the view we enjoyed from the higher of the two peaks of Mount Sealy (8,631 feet): “The panorama was indescribably magnificent. Innumerable peaks rose up till they were lost to view in the far distance. Looking west across the range, we could see the ocean beyond sparkling in the rays of the sun, and between us and it, the snow-clad peaks stood out sharp and clear with their tops scintillating like diamonds. Travelling northwards, the eye first caught Sefton and from there wandered to the Footstool, and down the Tewaewe glacier to the Hooker glacier far beneath, only to rise again to the Ball Pass on the lower part of the long arête terminating in the three snow-white peaks of Mount Cook, to the right of which a glimpse

was obtained of De la Bêche rising from the long Tasman glacier. To the south-west, aiguille after aiguille, peak after peak, raised their summits of dark rock or white snow, as the case might be, the former standing out in relief against the white background of the latter, and extending seemingly for ever and far beyond the range of vision. To the east, the mountains gradually grew less and less, till the brown summits of a sudden ceased, and gave place to the dreary Tasman valley and the plains of the McKenzie country."

After an hour's halt, we accomplished a rapid descent and reached our encampment by 10 p.m. where, after a good supper, washed down by some excellent wine, we retired to rest.

The next day witnessed our third expedition to our Sefton bivouac, but again bad weather forced us to descend. After two days, Mr. Barrow, seeing that there was no sign of the sky clearing and quite tired of a vagabond life, with so little reward for it, made up his mind to go back to Christchurch. We accompanied him for forty miles on the return journey in order to procure new supplies of provisions, as most of ours had run out. On coming back to the Hermitage, we saw that the top of Mount Sefton was covered with a great

quantity of fresh snow, but we did not lose heart and, seeing the ascent of this peak under such conditions would be impossible, we determined to try another and less difficult one.

We again made our way to the Ball Hut and from here to the Hochstetter where we encamped. The weather was propitious, but as the summits were all snow-capped, we decided on trying the ascent of Mount Tasman, up which the route lay mostly over ice. At 2.20, on the morning of the 4th of February, we left our bivouac. The horizon was cloudless: we adopted the same way as we had done in attempting the Silberhorn a fortnight before. As I was the only guide and progress was difficult, there was plenty to do, especially with the ice-axe. We had a porter, but he was so incapable and stumbled so often that he was more of a hindrance than a help to us.

Having surmounted the Silberhorn, in spite of a fierce wind which was blowing, we climbed a ridge in the direction of Mount Tasman whose summit attains an elevation of 11,475 feet. It was a *tour de force* to descend 150 feet in order to reach the col and then remount the opposite side, which brought us to the summit at 11.30 a.m.

Our stay there was short, for the weather was uncertain and threatening: we succeeded in getting down as far as the second peak, but here it came on to snow and blow a hurricane. The steps that I had cut coming up, could no longer be recognised: we had again to use the ice-axe to hew out fresh ones and had to avail ourselves of the rope.

At last the weather bettered and our situation became less perilous. We reached our bivouac at 7 p.m. Even I felt the need of a little rest, but my sensations of fatigue were neutralised by seeing my patron so delighted with the result of his climb. Whilst Mr. FitzGerald waited in the tent, the porter and I went down as far as the Ball Hut to procure a further supply of provisions, as, on the following day, we were to attempt another peak.

Early the next morning, we returned to Mr. FitzGerald's encampment, as the ascent of Mount Haidinger had been decided upon. Immediately after breakfast, I went ahead of the party, as was my custom—this time for four hours of the journey—to reconnoitre the path to be taken. After having looked about here and there, I saw that we should

have to follow the glacier all the way, except at one point—just above our bivouac—where it would be necessary to cross it, to reach the ridge above the Haast and Kaufmann glacier that ends at the foot of the rocks of Mount Haidinger.

It was the 8th of February when we set out at 2.15 a.m. We climbed by the rocks as far as Glacier Dome; then we turned to the left by the ridge that brought us to the Haast Peak, continuing in the same direction till we were within a thousand feet of the summit. From hence, we mounted a steep wall of ice of the Haast glacier, on which it behoved us to cut the numerous steps which were required for our return journey.

When we reached the crest of Mount Haidinger, we were confronted by a bergschrund which appeared absolutely impassable, because its upper lip formed an overhanging ice wall of about ten feet in height. There was no other feasible passage whatever, and it had become a question of turning back when Mr. FitzGerald bethought him of a final resource—viz., to utilise me as a ladder. Leaning forward, I spanned the bergschrund with my body, and the ice-axes which I resolutely planted into the wall of ice opposite me. I

then made my patron clamber up to them, by mounting on my shoulders whence, making a ladder of the ice-axes, he gained the top. As he had crampons on, the spikes of them slightly wounded my shoulders, but the pain was unheeded in the joy of surmounting such obstacles. The porter was then raised in the same way, and by the help of the rope, I mounted myself.

Having by means of steps gained the crest, we followed it for six hundred and fifty yards to just beneath the top of the peak, and here I had more than enough work for the ice-axe until we reached the summit where we arrived at 10.20 a.m. The weather left nothing to be desired: we enjoyed a marvellous view which embraced the multiform glaciers, the valleys below and, beyond, the sea—whose wondrous colour enhanced one of the most magnificent spectacles imaginable—while far away in the distance, remote specks on its azure expanse, lay the islands.

After a prolonged stay on the top, we began the descent and, with the exception of the *crêvasse*—which necessitated a great jump—managed it very well. We arrived at our encampment at 6 p.m. and spent the night there. The next day, leaving some of

our effects behind us, we went down to the Hermitage. The weather continued to hold fine, and we felt, so far, well satisfied with the results of our expedition, but the remembrance of our futile attempts on Mount Sefton was a bitter drop in our cup. After this ascent we still yearned and accordingly determined to try it again.

On the 10th of February, we were again driven back by the weather, but on the 14th it changed, and the heavens seemed spotless as a mirror, although a high wind was blowing. We determined to make another effort and went direct—without staying the night on the way—to the bivouac to which we had already climbed. Favoured by brilliant moonlight, we arrived there at 11.45 p.m. and, after an hour's rest, climbed right up to just below the Footstool Peak, at the bottom of which you turn to the left by the Huddleston glacier—honeycombed with an incredible number of crevasses. We lost much time in making *détours* round these and were lucky to have the bright light of the moon by which to explore our way, for it would have been impossible to have proceeded by a lantern only.

When day broke, we had reached the foot

of a ridge of rock, under Tuckett's Col, between the Footstool and Sefton peaks. Having done with the rocks, we found ourselves confronted by a steep slope of ice where, although provided with crampons, I was obliged to cut steps for more than 600 feet of the way. On arriving at the summit of Tuckett's Col at 6.30, we enjoyed a prospect which is thus described by Mr. FitzGerald :

“ From where we stood we looked straight down, some 5,000 feet, into the wooded valley of the Copland, leading into the Karangarua and out beyond to the Pacific Ocean which lay still under a filmy mist, soon to be scattered by the rays of the now fast-rising sun. Behind us, across the Hooker valley, rose the three giant peaks of Mount Cook, still enshrouded in the morning mist, all but the ice-cap just suffused with the ruddy glow of the dawn; while afar off to the left the barren plain of the Mackenzie country, covered with snow-grass and stunted birch, presented a strange contrast to the fertile fields of the west coast visible in the distance. The Hermitage, far below at our feet, was still enveloped in deep shade.”

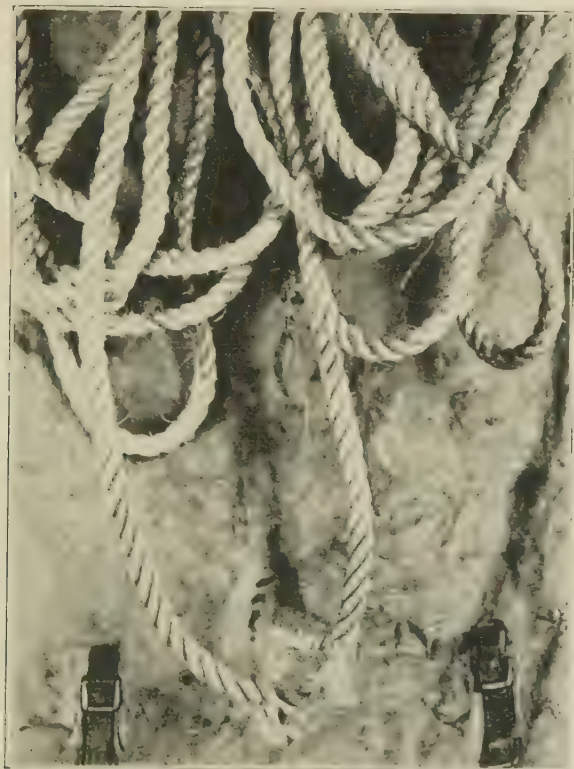
At this stage, we halted for breakfast and before resuming our climb, we left all the *impedimenta* we thought we could spare in

charge of Clark, the porter. I was quite satisfied to be Mr. FitzGerald's sole companion for the rest of the ascent.

On starting again, we found a serious obstacle in the shape of a rotten arête, the stones of which gave way beneath our feet. Stretching the rope to its full length which was about twenty-two yards, we roped ourselves in due form. We proceeded with much care by the very narrow and dangerous ridge.

When we had gone some distance an unlucky hitch occurred. I was in front, with a precarious footing, and had no more rope to go on. I asked Mr. FitzGerald to hurry on a step, so that I could thus find a safer standpoint and he soon climbed up to where I was. Here there was a large boulder, unsteadily poised, of which I had bidden my patron beware; on his touching it, it fell, dragging him about eight feet down. In spite of my holding on to the rope with might and main, the pull upon it caused it to slip through my hands, and it was almost impossible to keep a hold on it. Being nearly at the end of the rope, I could not see Mr. FitzGerald's position. On my calling out to him, asking if he was very much hurt, he answered: "No," and inquired if I were firmly placed. I begged him to try

and turn round as soon as he could, so that I might ease the strain on the rope. He managed to do this and struggled up to me.



THE ROPE THAT WAS PARTLY CUT ON MOUNT SEFTON.

Pulling at the rope had quite flayed the palm of my hand and it smarted terribly. Another ten paces brought us out of danger, but what was my surprise when I found that the rope

had been partly cut through by the stones, so that if the latter had severed it completely, my patron would have been killed and I should have been left alone to tell the tale.

After a rest to recover from the shock of this alarming accident and a pull at our cognac flask, we went on again in the direction of the summit where we arrived about 10.20 a.m. Here we drank a bottle of good wine which, wonderful to relate, had survived Mr. FitzGerald's fall. I could not help reflecting that if the rope had been entirely severed, my employer must have been dashed to pieces more than 6,000 feet below. I thanked God for His mercy with a fervently grateful heart.

It was nearly eleven, and we had a glorious view beneath us. "The South Pacific Ocean," writes Mr. FitzGerald, "lay calm and sparkling in the sunlight, with its long, white, intermittent streak of surf beating upon the smooth beach of the west coast. Around and behind us the Alps rose, range upon range, their vast glaciers and fields of everlasting snow shining bright in the clear morning air."

We built a big stone-man near the summit and scribbled our names on a sheet of paper

which we enclosed in the empty wine-bottle. Then we descended by the same way we had come, not without many difficulties. I was glad to have at my disposal another twenty-seven yards of fine rope, so that I was thus enabled to lower my patron for forty-eight yards. When he had descended safely, I pulled up the rope again, and running it through a ring in an iron staple I had driven into the rock, came down with one end tied round me and the other held in my hands, and in this way soon joined him.

When we got to the glacier, a new obstacle confronted us. The bridges over which we had passed in the morning, no longer existed. It was impossible to deviate from our track yet difficult to recognise the crevasses, whilst the snow was very friable. Finally, we succeeded in crossing the glacier and found our porter coming to meet us. On arriving at our encampment, I was quite spent with fatigue, so I went straight to bed and slept, without interruption, for ten hours. Mr. FitzGerald with the porter, meantime, went down to the Hermitage whither I followed them the next day.

Never, I can truly assert, have I found a mountain so absolutely dangerous as the

peak we had just surmounted. It was more difficult than Monte Rosa from the Macugnaga side, and I would never try it again by the same face. We had reason, however, to be well pleased with the result of our climb, after our seven ineffectual attempts. The New Zealanders call Mount Sefton their 'Matterhorn,' and its ascent has been deemed impossible by all. It would have been hard to find rocks in a more frightful condition or crevasses more appalling to negotiate.

We now indulged in some days' rest: the weather broke up, rain and even snow fell. I was anxious to climb Mount Cook—the highest of the New Zealand Alps—whose summit, like that of Monte Rosa, has three principal peaks, although its ascent had already been achieved. When the sky cleared, we set out to make a bivouac, in view of an expedition to Mount Cook. Bad weather obliged us to return to the Hermitage again, the same day.

Now, however, we changed our plans. As the New Zealand Government had been spending much money in surveying, in order to find a route through the great mountain-chain from the north-east to the west of the island, but hitherto without success, so that the transit had to be made by sea or over

distant hills—involving a very long *détour*—we resolved to devote ourselves to this research. Indeed, from the summits we had already climbed, we had made some valuable reconnaissances to this end, especially from Mount Sefton from whence we had espied a pass that certainly led to the Copland valley.

On the 24th of February, we set out in magnificent weather for Copland, on the west coast. It was an easy journey as far as the above-mentioned pass—subsequently named by the New Zealand Survey Department, the FitzGerald Pass—which much resembled that of Monte Moro near Macugnaga, its height being about 7,180 feet. From thence we made an easy descent and arrived at the end of the valley; we continued our march till 6 p.m. and, finding some wood, made ourselves a cup of tea and then found a comfortable place to encamp for the night.

The following day, all went well during the first stage of our journey, but afterwards, our way led through forests of scrub which would have at once proved a formidable barrier, if we had not followed the bed of the Douglas river. At last, the latter grew narrower, and when we came to a place where it was strewn with huge boulders, we had again to

diverge into the forest and did not advance anything like a mile an hour. Indeed, we met with so many hindrances that we were forced to return to the Douglas river and could make but very little progress that day.

To give some idea of the difficulty offered by the obstructions in the river itself, I quote the following lines from Mr. FitzGerald's narrative: "The rocks were so water-worn and smooth that it was only by scrambling upon the top of each other's shoulders that we were able to surmount the huge boulders that seemed hopelessly to block our path at almost every step, and we had occasionally to resort to various and ingenious devices to get up some of the smooth faces of stone that presented themselves to us. Sometimes, I would find some long log washed down by the river, and setting it upright against the face of the rock, I would swarm up to the top of it; then Zurbriggen would shove me still higher by lifting the whole log with me on it, and thus, perhaps, barely succeed in landing me on the top of the boulder. Sometimes, however, the manœuvre would end in a general collapse."

On the morrow, these difficulties did but increase. We had to crawl through tunnels, formed by the action of the water under the

vertical rocks which barred our way, and the forest to which, on occasion, we had to revert, was so dense and overgrown with all sorts of plants—including prickly ones—that, all things considered, it took us an hour to do a hundred yards. Our clothes were torn to ribands, and we said if this sort of thing was going on much longer, we should soon be reduced to the state of nature. To say nothing of the slowness of our progress, our fatigue was greatly enhanced by having to go, like birds, from branch to branch or by squeezing, like mice, through holes. We were, moreover, now exhausting our provisions, and there was no means here of procuring any more.

The following day, we managed—Mr. Fitzgerald leading—to ford the river by a circuitous passage: my patron had already made a plucky but unsuccessful attempt to do so in which I had had to haul him to land again.

Finally, having done three days' marching on half rations, we struck the camp of Mr. A. P. Harper, one of the Government surveyors, and, after partaking of some refreshments, found our way to 'Scott's Homestead' where we met both the west coast explorers, Messrs. Harper and Douglas, and received welcome hospitality from Mr. Scott and his

family. Fortunately, it was dark when we arrived, for our appearance was more suggestive of savages than of civilised beings, and we could hardly have dared to present ourselves with our breeches and coats literally in tatters.

We stayed with Mr. Scott awhile to rest, and most comfortable quarters we had. Through Mrs. Scott's kindness we were able to get our clothes mended with stuff used as wrapping for bales of wool that were packed up to send to Europe.

At last, after a very pleasant sojourn at 'Scott's Homestead,' we left these comfortable quarters on horseback; our kind host, Mr. Arthur P. Harper and a Maori named 'Dan,' accompanying us. We reached the sea-coast and, following it, came to a little town called Gillespie's Township, of which I could only see a few houses as it was dark. Mr. Fitzgerald says that, as far as he can gather, the population consists mainly of children under ten.

On the morrow we made for the foot of the Fox glacier and stopped there two days, on account of adverse weather. On the third day we climbed higher and bivouacked on a small ridge, between the Fox and the Victoria

glaciers. During the night the weather was horrible, and by morning, the ground was covered with seven to eight inches of snow. Nevertheless, the sky was clear, so we set out to climb the Victoria glacier. We then reached a saddle which we named Blackburn's Pass, crossed the Fritz glacier and arrived at another saddle with no name, so Mr. FitzGerald christened it 'Zurbriggen's Saddle' and the peak above it 'Zurbriggen's Peak.'

After traversing some more glaciers, we arrived at the Graham Col, on that side of Tasman that we had already reconnoitred. We then descended by a slope of ice—not very steep—and thus reached the rocks. It was a dark night, and we dared not proceed much further, because of the high wind blowing which would most surely have extinguished our lantern. Moreover, at different times I had hurt both my ankles—once in falling through a crust of snow bridging a small stream. Mr. FitzGerald, too, lost all his photographs, sketches and notes taken since his ascent of Mount Sefton, and Mr. Harper, the nails out of his boots. I sought, right and left, for a place of shelter, but in vain: we had to pass the night on a

ledge about a foot and a half in breadth, in the most intense cold, unable to close our eyes, and with absolutely nothing to eat or drink. As for our clothes, they were so wet, they froze on our backs.

Mr. FitzGerald's words vividly bring home to me the remembrance of that terrible night—not that I can ever forget it! “No sooner had we seated ourselves,” he says, “than we heard the ominous whizz of falling stones. This was but the commencement of a cannonade that we found was to be kept up, at intervals, throughout the night. The rocks flew past us, so close, at times, that we could almost feel the wind from them on our faces. We never dared so much as close an eye all night, for fear of slipping into the abyss below. The cold became intense, the thermometer dropping to 25°, and as most of our garments had been soaked in wading through the melting snow during the day, our things froze hard.”

Mr. Harper, in his account of our predicament, writes: “It was very amusing to watch FitzGerald; he would hold his candle and drop off to sleep; in a short time, the candle would burn down and wake him with a start, as it scorched his fingers; muttering

some 'foreign lingo,' he would lower his hand another two inches and again doze off, with the same result." Mr. FitzGerald thus describes Mr. Harper: "After midnight, we gradually became more silent and did not even talk, while Harper dozed for a moment or two and nearly tumbled off. I had to catch hold of him and retain my grip till he could regain his balance."

When it came to starting at dawn, Mr. Harper who had taken off his boots, found them frozen so tight that he had to burn candles inside them, rip them open and make sandals of them. I had sat on mine during the night and found them easy enough to put on.

Having once fairly started, a climb of about a hundred yards took us to the Rudolf glacier, thence we gained that of Tasman and by 10 a.m., were at the Ball Hut. Here we had a good supply of provisions, laid up in view of our ascent of Mount Cook, and glad enough we were to sate our hunger. All that day, we rested; the next, the weather was unpropitious and thus it continued for five days running: rain fell, as well as snow which lay nearly six inches deep round the Hut. Sometimes, it was impossible to kindle a fire, owing to the strong gusts of wind.

Seeing that our provisions would soon run out through our six days' stay at the Hut, we determined to go down to the Hermitage. Here we found another gentleman who had come in search of us, Mr. F. F. Tuckett, a member of the English Alpine Club, and as he wanted to go to Christchurch and Mr. FitzGerald was tired of the bad weather, they decided to go together. Meantime, I was to go with a porter, to fetch the baggage left at our encampment.

Immediately after my patron's departure, the weather cleared, and two days later, Adamson, the porter, and myself made our way to the Ball Hut and from thence to the Hochstetter, to bring away our tents and other *impedimenta*. On arriving at the Hut, I found the weather so favourable that I asked Adamson if he would be willing to accompany me to Mount Cook? He gladly consented, and we set out with a supply of provisions for the bivouac on the Hochstetter ridge, in order to pass the night there.

At one o'clock on the morning of the 14th of March, we started, surmounting the necessary points as far as Glacier Dome; then we diverged to the left, to the north-east crest—between the Adamson and Linda glaciers—



INTERIOR OF THE BALL HUT.

from which our route lay direct to the summit. We were not a little hampered by reason of the quantity of fresh snow, fallen the day before, and were already at a height of 10,000 feet when my companion, overcome by fatigue, declared himself unable to proceed. Bidding him wait there for me, I determined to go on alone to the summit, being most anxious to achieve it, and in this I was successful, arriving there about 3 p.m. As here it was all ice—its height is 13,000 feet—I only remained long enough to take some photographs and then went down about 160 feet to a rock where I left a card, containing the date of my visit, enclosed in a bottle. I then hastened to rejoin Adamson, and after having taken some refreshment, we began the descent, going very slowly, however, on account of the crumbling snow with the ice underneath, on which it was so easy to slip. We reached our encampment at 12 o'clock and here, after having been out for twenty-three hours, we were glad enough to rest.

The following day, we transported our tents to the Hermitage and from thence reached Christchurch. Meantime, my expedition to Mount Cook was already known and Mr. Fitzgerald was delighted about it. On reaching

the station, a surprise was in store for me, for there I found Mr. J. J. Kinsey with a party of friends, nearly all belonging to the New Zealand Alpine Club, who received me with a perfect ovation, and escorted me into the town.

Christchurch is certainly a charming city, and although the houses are not very lofty, they are scrupulously clean. Throughout New Zealand the inhabitants are most kind and neighbourly and show much courtesy and hospitality to foreigners. The mountains are most interesting and their scenery is magnificent: indeed, I made up my mind, whenever I had a chance, to pay them another visit. The principal industries consist in enormous sheep-runs, the produce of which yields much profit to the owners who export meat and wool in large quantities, chiefly to Europe.*

The Government would have engaged me for exploration, but I was already pledged to my employer and could not accept this flattering proposal. After a ten days' stay, we left Christ-

* For fuller information on this subject, let readers refer to Mr. FitzGerald's book, *Climbs in the New Zealand Alps*, which gives a detailed account of New Zealand.

church—where we had met with such a kind reception—with a cordial hope that we might some day see it again, and embarked for the Australian city of Melbourne where we stayed another ten days. From thence I left for London, in charge of the baggage, whilst Mr. FitzGerald and his friend Mr. Barrow remained behind to visit other towns—and afterwards America—before returning to Europe.

After a journey of nearly six weeks, I reached London, well satisfied with the results of our expedition. But on verifying the luggage, what was my vexation to find two items missing, to wit, my own portmanteau which contained, amongst other things, notes of the journey, and one of my patron's trunks, in which many valuable articles had been packed. After many fruitless researches, I betook myself to the office of the P. and O. Company, where they informed me that our lost baggage had probably been landed, by mistake, at one of the ten ports where the Melbourne steamer had put in to take mails. However, they assured me that every possible effort would be made to recover our missing property.

I remained in London a fortnight, and as the facts about our New Zealand climbs had already been made known in the papers, I

daily received a visit from some friend or other and had many invitations besides out to lunch or dinner. Amongst others, the President of the Alpine Club entertained me at a banquet where a chosen circle of guests listened to an account of my recent climbs and much applauded my recital.

During this stay in London, I booked ensuing engagements for the climbing season and then went back to Macugnaga, hoping to enjoy a little rest, but, perhaps owing to the change of climate or living, I was soon afterwards attacked by a malady which quickly obliged me to take to my bed. Fortunately, I enjoyed the care of a good doctor—Signor Alessandro Pattono—who devoted himself day and night to pulling me through this illness, and for his kindness I am everlastingly grateful. For a whole month, I kept my bed and only then was allowed to get up, suffering much weakness during convalescence.

CHAPTER VII

SECOND JOURNEY TO NEW ZEALAND

IT was the month of July, 1895. Many climbers who were at Macugnaga, enjoying the invigorating air of the mountains, came to see me and invited me to accompany them, not as a guide but as a friend. I could not refuse such kindness so began to go about a little, without carrying any weight on my shoulders, and when there was any work to be done, another guide was engaged. Such little expeditions as these did me much good.

After having made some unimportant ascents, I went to the Montanvert, near Chamonix, where I awaited Mr. A. F. De Fonblanque with whom I had already made an agreement in London for a month's mountaineering. After a spell of bad weather which lasted for ten days, we were able to

climb the Aiguille de Grépon which is one of the most difficult and toilsome peaks imaginable. From hence, with another patron, I climbed Mont Blanc—just then covered with freshly-fallen snow. This expedition was successful, although it was very fatiguing to make two ascents, without a day's rest in between.

The sky was again overcast when, on the 14th of August, I left for Zermatt where Signor Borsalino of Alessandria, with one of his sons, was expecting me. We made several ascents together, and our talk constantly reverted to the Antipodes and more especially to New Zealand where Signor Borsalino, who is a large hat-manufacturer, found he should have to go, to transact some necessary business, as the greater part of the material he uses is imported from those parts. As he knew I had already made the voyage and was somewhat of a linguist, he asked me to act as his escort for a period of six months. But I had been engaged by Mr. FitzGerald for five years running and could not leave Europe without first obtaining his permission; just now, too, my patron was absent from London—and of his whereabouts I was ignorant.



THE GRÉPON.
(From the Charmoz.)

Meantime, the climbing season came to an end, and the 12th of September saw me back home again.

At the beginning of October, Mr. Fitzgerald informed me that he had returned to London whereupon I went to Alessandria, to interview Signor Borsalino. Arrangements were at once made for our journey, and nothing was lacking except my English employer's consent. I then decided to go to London myself and see Mr. Fitzgerald who at first refused his consent to my suggestion, but afterwards, hearing that we were not going with the aim of making explorations, granted my request. I hastened back to Alessandria to let my Italian employer know; I then went home to do some needful business and, on the evening of Christmas Day, was again off to Alessandria.

It was the 29th of December when we embarked at Brindisi in the P. and O. steamer *Arcadia* and after calling at Port Said, Aden, Colombo, Albany and Adelaide, we arrived at Melbourne. Here we stopped a fortnight for trade purposes—Signor Borsalino wishing to find out if any business could be done there on our return from New Zealand. From Melbourne we went to Launceston where we

interviewed a merchant who was a wholesale dealer in rabbit-skins—the staple commodity in Signor Borsalino's business. We then took train to Hobart where we stayed a day. On the morrow, we went by sea to Dunedin and from here proceeded by rail to Christchurch.

After several days spent in the city, I persuaded my Italian patron to go and see the beautiful mountain-chain which Mr. Fitzgerald and I had climbed the year before. Signor Borsalino, already over sixty years of age, had been much upset by the sea voyage and was in poor health, so he gladly fell in with my proposal. We therefore left Christchurch in company with Mr. Kinsey and his daughter, and took the same route we had before followed to go to the Hermitage.

The little hôtel at the foot of the mountains, of which mention has already been made, was now open and there we met with a very hospitable reception. We remained at the hôtel several days, making some glacier-expeditions, and later, taking a good supply of provisions with us, went as far as the Ball Hut. Once here, we were detained by bad weather for no less than eight days. This uncertainty of the weather is the one great

drawback in New Zealand and sometimes the rain lasts for a long spell. In the interval, I went down several times to the Hermitage for letters : this journey which took seven hours to do on foot, I performed on horseback in four ; besides, the streams were so swollen by the recent rains that it would have been impossible for pedestrians to have forded them.

Irrked by our compulsory imprisonment, we resolved, at the first sign of fine weather, to return to the Hermitage. Here we found some English newspapers which chronicled the Italian defeat in Abyssinia—news which grieved us terribly. As for my employer, he was simply inconsolable and I feared he would lose his reason : indeed, he felt the disaster so keenly that all attempts to comfort him were of no avail ; he looked upon Italy as irretrievably ruined. We soon made our way back to Christchurch—a journey which took three days — but even here, my patron's chagrin knew no mitigation. It is, in fact, when one is far away from one's native land, that such a national misfortune is most deeply realised.

Signor Borsalino wished to visit the North Island where lived many Italians—represen-

tatives of various business-houses of the principal cities of Italy—to whom he was provided with letters of introduction from our Consul at Melbourne. We therefore made our way one evening to Lyttelton and took a steamer to Wellington where we stayed for six hours and then sailed for Sydney. During our crossing, a gale of wind was blowing and the sea was very rough. My patron suffered greatly and could not touch food of any kind. I remained close by his side—as a ewe by its lamb—since his ignorance of English prevented him asking even for a glass of water. If any one came to speak to us, I was always obliged to translate what was said into Italian.

When we arrived in Sydney, Signor Borsalino had recovered a little. He there found many of his compatriots who gave us more detailed accounts of the Abyssinian campaign. We remained at Sydney for a fortnight and liked it much, but the heat was intolerable. The thermometer registered 43° centigrade: one could eat but little, and the water was far from good. We were, moreover, tormented by an unquenchable thirst which we often had to get up in the night to assuage.

During this visit to Sydney, I went to hear

sentence of death passed on a prisoner convicted of murder. Justice in Australia is conducted on very satisfactory methods. When a man is arrested and imprisoned for any offence, he is brought before the magistrate within twenty-four hours; his indictment is then read and, if not impugned within three days, the accused is either condemned to death or to a penalty commensurate with the crime he has committed. If, however, he pleads 'not guilty' to the offence with which he is charged, he is granted fifteen days' respite to prove his innocence. By this means, the jails are nearly always empty, forming a great contrast, in this respect, to those of Italy who maintains more offenders in her prisons than soldiers under arms.

Having transacted his business, Signor Borsalino and myself went by train to Melbourne where we remained another fortnight: here also it was intensely hot. On the 18th of April, we embarked on the steamship *Himalaya* and went as far as Albany, but when we drew near the equator, we felt as if we must have died from the effects of the great heat.

During the eleven days taken in the passage from Albany to Colombo, no less than three persons died, their bodies being lowered into

the sea. To Signor Borsalino who had never witnessed anything of the kind, this caused much nervous apprehension. I tried to distract his thoughts from such a sad subject by diverting them promptly into other channels and, as there were none but English people on board, if any one's feelings were hurt, I was consoled by the fact that their expressions of disapproval would be unintelligible to my patron. At the same time, I endeavoured to talk as little as might be, in order not to excite any one's displeasure by an appearance of levity. I was already accustomed to such sights and knew that, revolting as they are, it is necessary to lower the corpses into the sea, for otherwise, in such extreme heat, with so many souls on board, the risk of a pestilence might be incurred.

When we reached Colombo, we had to wait for the Japan mail-steamer which was two days overdue. She finally turned up, and we immediately embarked. In the Indian Ocean the temperature was more bearable, but when we reached Aden and entered the Red Sea, the thermometer registered 36° centigrade, and it was impossible to sleep in the cabin; several times we carried our mattresses out on deck, to get a breath of air. However, on arriving

at Port Said, at the mouth of the Mediterranean, we experienced a delightful change of climate and had to wear our overcoats. It was the 20th of May when we arrived at Brindisi, and by the 25th, I was at home at Macugnaga where I had a month's rest and awaited Mr. FitzGerald's orders.

CHAPTER VIII

ON THE SWISS ALPS—AT ALAGNA

MR. FITZGERALD had already determined to start on his South American expedition in order to attempt the ascent of the famous peak of Aconcagua. He summoned me to London, to discuss his plans, and thither, accordingly, I betook myself, but it was long before all necessary arrangements could be made. As it was impossible for my patron to be responsible for everything, he decided to take with him a geologist, a naturalist and a geographer. But since these gentlemen were not yet accustomed to mountaineering, he thought it would be as well for them all to do some preparatory climbing in Switzerland for a month or so, which would be the means of testing the existence among them of that perfect understanding so necessary to the success of the

expedition. In the meantime, I returned home.

On the 15th of July, 1896, I was ordered to proceed, with four porters, to Randa where my gentlemen were expecting me. On reaching this centre, we set out for the Dom peak of the Mischabel, with the idea of making various bivouacs, including one on the summit, if possible. Much practice was had with the heliograph, an instrument worked with two mirrors, by means of which communications can be carried on between one mountain and another or between the latter and a city.

During all this time, we had so long a spell of wretched weather that, in a space of six weeks, we were able to do but very little work. We encamped on the Hochberg glacier and pitched our tents only about 160 feet from the peak of the Dom, with the intention of achieving the summit on the first fine day. But all in vain; the sky remained persistently clouded and a fine, drizzling rain fell without intermission. At last Mr. FitzGerald decided on returning to London, whilst I went back to Macugnaga.

It was on the 29th of August when I arrived home and found two long telegrams summon-

ing me to Alagna, to make the ascent of a new col. As it was untried ground such an invitation was not to be refused. The weather now began to improve, but my departure was delayed for some days on account of the snow that had so lately fallen upon the mountains.

On the 5th of September I set out, with a good porter, for Alagna, where the Messrs. Gugliermi expected me by dinner-time. At three o'clock in the afternoon, we started in the direction of the Wandfluh Alp, to attempt the saddle between the Vincent-Pyramide and the Schwarzhorn in the Monte Rosa chain.

As I had not yet studied our route on paper—my patrons wishing to keep our climb secret in case the expedition was unsuccessful—I went by myself, the next day, to reconnoitre the best way over the Piode glacier. After four hours' exploring, I succeeded in making a plan for myself of the route to be followed, and returned to Wandfluh.

The next day, at two in the morning, we set out and, having reached the southern spur of the Parrot-Spitze, traversed the Piode glacier between difficult *séracs* and made the base of the Punta Giordano. Hence, by following the course of the glacier, we finally arrived on the great plateau, at the bottom of the couloir

which extends to the Vincent-Pyramide. Then we turned to the right by the not very difficult rocks till we were 180 feet below the col, and hence we mounted by a small, though pretty steep ridge of snow by which we gained the great cornice of the saddle. From here it was impossible to proceed without boring through the cornice, and this had to be done with much caution and took up quite an hour. Having achieved this, however, by clambering on to the porter's shoulders, we got up, pulled our climbers after us with the rope and thus gained the top of the saddle.

We then made the descent by the Lys glacier and arrived at the Gnifetti Hut. Here a high wind arose, blowing the snow up in such dense clouds that it was impossible to keep the lantern alight. The next day, we went down by the Col d'Ollen and thence to Alagna. I returned to Macugnaga and the Messrs. Gugliermi to Borgo-Sesia, all well pleased with the success of our climb.



Naso —

—Gnifetti Hut
(12,402 feet).

—Hohelicht
(11,634 feet).

VIEW OF THE LYS GLACIER AND OF THE CONTINUATION OF THE HOHELICHT ROCK.

CHAPTER IX

EXPEDITION TO THE ANDES

ON the 25th of September, I went by way of Monte Moro to Saas and from that place to St. Niklaus, to arrange with the porters who were holding themselves in readiness to come to London in the following October. I reached London on the 29th of September and immediately set to work to make preparations for our expedition.

There was plenty to be done, in spite of our having so many *collaborateurs*, for all the gentlemen had their own affairs to occupy them. There were more than a hundred cases to pack, including provisions, half a dozen tents, sleeping-bags for the night, cooking utensils, twenty complete pack-saddles for the mules and all the implements necessary for carpenters', wood-

cutters', tailors' and shoemakers' work: this task employed me for fifteen days.

The porters arrived at the time agreed upon and they immediately went to a solicitor's, where a contract was drawn up between them and Mr. FitzGerald, specifying the terms of their engagement, the work they would have to do, the amount of their salary and the fixed sum to be paid them in case of any accident: this contract was similar to the one I had already signed with my patron.

Every precaution was taken so that the porters might be provided with all things necessary for the journey, including clothes of waterproof stuff. When everything was ready, the 16th of October was fixed as the day of our departure. Our party was composed of Mr. FitzGerald, the leader of the expedition; Mr. Alan De Trafford, superintendent; Mr. Stuart Vines, geologist; Mr. Philip Gosse, naturalist; Fritz Weibel, the cook; the porters—Niccola Lanti of Macugnaga, Josef and Ludwig Pollinger, Josef Lochmatter of St. Niklaus, and myself.

We embarked at Southampton: all the members of our party, with the porters, reached that place the evening before our

departure. Having some commissions to do, I joined them by the first train in the morning. My patron's sister and his friend, Mr. C. L. Barrow, travelled down with me to say 'goodbye' to Mr. FitzGerald and wish him *bon voyage*, and very pathetic these *adieux* were. The lady was overcome with grief at having to take leave of her beloved brother and feared, through some mischance by sea or land, they were going to be parted for ever. At last, however, the interview was at an end and we were off.

We made a short stoppage at Cherbourg whither Mr. FitzGerald's brother and sister-in-law had come from Paris to see him, and then we were off again. On the 18th, we reached Vigo and from here, after an hour's stay, went on to Lisbon where we arrived the next day. Here more than three hundred men and women embarked as third-class passengers, *en route* for America, to seek their fortune as emigrants: the greater part appeared to be in the most abject poverty. My heart ached to see these poor wretches who could hope for nothing better than to feel a little less hungry in the land discovered by Columbus. Alas! misery prevails there likewise, and probably they would all want

to return to Europe again, if they had the means.

Mr. FitzGerald came and asked me how we were getting on, told me to see that the porters had enough to eat and ordered that each one should have a pint of wine a day. When we got to St. Vincent and the heat grew more intense, my patron further increased the allowance of wine, and so our men were well provided for. I was nearly always with them, either playing cards or telling them some story in order to pass the time away.

On crossing the line, they were so appalled at the scorching climate that they feared they would find it unendurable. At Rio de Janeiro we put in for a day, and Mr. FitzGerald sent me ashore with the porters to give them a dinner. Having done this, we climbed a hill to get a bird's-eye view of Rio, but the heat was so stifling that we were consumed by thirst and descended into the city to have a drink. I found everything very dear and had to be very wary of being cheated. At half-past four, we returned to the steamer as, after sunset, the air is supposed to be very unhealthy and conducive to the malarial fevers that are so common here.

On the morrow, we left Rio and in two days' time, reached Monte Video, and thence, after a five hours' stay, we went on to Rio de la Plata where our luggage was unloaded and placed in two labelled waggons. We then took the train to Buenos Aires where Mr. FitzGerald and his friends went to an hotel, but I preferred to put up at an inn where nothing but Spanish was spoken, so that by conversing with the natives, I might acquire some little knowledge of their language before going to the mountains.

We stayed at Buenos Aires eleven days, during which time we explored the city one of the finest in South America. From here the gentlemen went to Cordoba, in order to verify their instruments at the observatory. The porters and I went to Mendoza where we lodged in a *pension*, awaiting my patron. Meantime, in order to get into condition, we did various small climbs. In a fortnight's time, Mr. FitzGerald and his party joined us. I was at once commissioned to procure twenty mules for the transport of our luggage in the lowlands.

From Mendoza we went by train to Punta de las Vacas and traversed, by a narrow-

gauge railway, a very interesting valley. This line which was constructed at an enormous cost, belongs to the Transandine Railway Company. At Vacas we began to open our packing-



FIRST ASCENT OF A SMALL PEAK AFTER ARRIVAL IN
SOUTH AMERICA.

cases in order to take out all our necessities for the expedition and have food and tents in readiness.

On the 11th of December, my patron and I, in company with a native who was familiar with the ground we were going to explore, rode through the valley of Vacas just to see if we could catch a glimpse of Aconcagua. We had to make our way by a narrow footpath, nearly impracticable even for goats. In some places, we were obliged to dismount for fear of falling over and to go on foot: our guide alone—better inured than we to horsemanship under such conditions—managed to keep his seat. When we cautioned him against the danger, he at once replied he was not in the least afraid. We journeyed, however, for two days to no purpose, so returned to our encampment where the twenty mules had already arrived with two muleteers.

Then Mr. FitzGerald and I went up another valley, called Inca, on the post-road that leads from the territory of the Argentine Republic to that of Chile—the one route practicable alike for pedestrians and vehicles. Our *cortège* now set out in the direction of the Puente del Inca. Meantime, we made for the Cordillera Saddle, but on approaching it, it began to snow and we could see nothing, so had to turn back. On the following day, I returned to

Vacas to buy three horses, in order to explore the valley of Horcones by which Aconcagua is reached.

I now proposed to my patron that he should let me go and explore by myself a route to the summit of the famous mountain, and to this he consented. I started with a muleteer, a supply of provisions and a tent. Having reached the foot of Aconcagua, I at once perceived that it was impossible to surmount it from that side, for we were confronted by a vertical wall of more than 3,000 feet high. I went no further that night and, the next day, sent back the muleteer and made a tour round the peak on horseback, to see if it might be climbable on any other side. After seven hours' riding, I found that the ascent could be made over a col, but the approach of night made a return to my encampment advisable.

In the morning, I set out early over a very toilsome path, through moraines and avalanche-tracks—very bad for my horse. For two hours, I pursued my way with the utmost difficulty, and finally reached the foot of the col. Here I left my horse, tethering him to a stone, and in four hours gained the summit of the col where there was a most

lovely view: it was very evident that this was the only possible route up the peak we so much yearned to scale. Looking at my aneroid, I found it registered an elevation of 19,000 feet, and it was 4,005 more to the summit. At that height, I felt perfectly well and was certain of being able to climb higher.

However, as it was now five o'clock, it seemed well to think about descending. There was likewise the horse to be considered; the poor beast had now been without forage for about seventeen hours, but I found him again by seven o'clock. Having provided for the horse's wants and my own—for we were both in sad need of food—I rode in the direction of my tent, but could not make much progress, as it was very dark and impossible to make use of the lantern.

Coming at last to a place where a great avalanche had fallen, the horse—which was not too well shod—suddenly stumbled in the snow half-way down: I held him up by the bridle to prevent him falling, but to no purpose, and he slipped, drawing me after him for about a hundred yards. Finally, horse and rider came to a standstill at a place where it was not so steep, and I gradually succeeded

in extricating the animal, as well as myself, from the snow. Here I had to pass the night nevertheless, but owing to the cold, was prevented from going to sleep, although overcome with fatigue.

When day broke, I went in search of my ice-axe—lost in the avalanche—and found it again, with the handle broken which rendered it useless. I then waited for the sun to rise, as, having to traverse so many avalanches, I wished the snow to become soft. At midday I set out and reached my encampment where there was a little vegetation and the horse was able to graze. After a meal, I ensconced myself in the tent and slept comfortably till morning.

I then made my way back to Puente del Inca, to report progress to my patron. On the road, I met a muleteer who had been sent in search of me by Mr. FitzGerald. To the latter, directly I arrived, I submitted a sketch of my route to the col, telling him I was certain the peak could be done from this point. He was delighted and handed me a telegram he had received from a friend of his, in Santiago de Chile, informing him that an expedition of ten persons had left that city—with twenty mules laden with neces-

saries for the climb—with the intention of ascending Aconcagua before we did. I guaranteed, however, that we would be up first, and made every effort to hasten our start for the famous peak.

CHAPTER X

ACONCAGUA

ON the 23rd of December, we set out with our cavalcade of porters, horses and mules. We had to cross a torrent several times, and then each one had to lead his own horse. By midday, owing to the melting of the snow, the stream had swollen and it became a difficult and dangerous matter to advance. However, in three days' time, by making daily encampments, we got up as far as the col.

But here we encountered an unforeseen obstacle. The porters—not yet accustomed to such an elevation—could not stand the strong, rarefied air and, although they were all young men, every one of them was taken ill and thus rendered incapable of proceeding. I did not myself suffer from the atmospheric pressure, and proposed climbing as far as the summit with Mr. FitzGerald, but this

could not be done, as, in spite of all precautions, he likewise was attacked by mountain-sickness. So, seeing it was impossible to carry our point for the present, we retreated in the direction of Puente del Inca to recruit.

This return journey nearly ended disastrously as far as I was concerned. It had been decided to accomplish the distance in one day, and we had to cross the river which, after midday, had been much swollen, owing to the melting of the glaciers through the extreme heat. The current of the turbid stream was very strong, and we heard a rumbling noise, produced by the stones overturned in the bed of the river. I braved the piercing cold water, with the one thought of fording the stream, as there was nothing else to be done.

The first to go over was the muleteer with his mule: Mr. FitzGerald followed him on horseback. I ought not to have been behind, but my mule was so small that, by the time it found itself in mid-stream, the water—which came up to its head—was too much for it. Twice the poor little beast fell under me through the force of the current and the silt brought down with it, and each time I helped the animal up again, keeping a firm hold of

the bridle. The third time, however, it fell backwards and rendered me quite helpless. Fortunately, I was able to withdraw my feet from the stirrups, though I was carried down stream by the impetus of the water for more than a hundred yards, and should most certainly have been drowned, had not my course been impeded by a stone which I grasped and thus dragged myself out of the river and gained the shore. The muleteer had immediately run up with a rope, but to no purpose; he could not see me, for I was under water. My patron—who had likewise hurried to my rescue—was already very unwell and did but increase his malady in his anxiety for my safety. Not only was I completely soaked, but my pockets were full of sand and pebbles. At first not much the worse for my wetting, I soon felt incapable of stirring.

Meantime, whilst Mr. FitzGerald was doing his best to revive me, the muleteer went in search of the mule which he caught sight of, every now and then, bobbing up out of the water, till he at last managed, some distance lower down the stream, to pull the animal to shore. Then he brought him to his feet again and led him up to where we stood, but the poor beast was much cut about and bruised.

I now began to shiver with cold and to suffer much pain in one shoulder, but I did not lose heart, and we continued our way to our encampment at Inca. Here a little warm brandy and water set me up, whilst the porters stripped me, rubbed me vigorously to promote circulation and then rolled me up in several woollen wraps, in which coverings I remained for five days till my shoulder became easier. For me it was tantamount to being entombed—so hateful was this forced inaction—and I am convinced going out in the mountain air would have done me more good than the treatment to which I submitted so unwillingly.

On the 26th of December, I started at 9 a.m. to reconnoitre above the high camp. Coming back, I noticed, at an elevation of 21,000 feet, some stones that had the appearance of having been piled up by human hands. On inspection, I found a tin box and inside it a card, bearing these words :

“ A. C. Segunda Subida
della
Serra Aconcagua
Dr. Paul Güssfeldt
Berlin, 5 März, 1883.”

It was at this point that the great explorer had

been obliged to return, in order to save himself and his companions from freezing to death.

On the 30th of December, we started from our camp in the Horcones valley at a height of 12,000 feet, where we had been put back by illness, and made for our high-level camp



HORCONES VALLEY.

(18,700 feet high). We reached it in time to spend a bad night there, at a minimum temperature of 6° Fahr. On starting the next day, I suffered a painful experience. Feeling my feet extremely cold, I walked very fast, contrary to my rule at the commencement of an expedition. My patron called to me

several times, to wait for him, and finally, it came out that I was insensible to feeling in my feet. Kicking and dancing proved useless to restore sensation. The rest I give in my patron's own words :

“ The two porters we had with us had been lagging behind, unable to keep up, as Zurbriggen had increased his pace. They soon, however, overtook us as we stood talking, and I directed them to take off his boots and rub his feet. This they did at once, and I then realised, for the first time, what immediate danger he was in, for though they rubbed as hard as they could, he apparently had no sensation in them. I then got seriously alarmed, and we started working on him altogether with increased force, to see if we could not bring back the lacking circulation. Fortunately, with another five minutes of sharp work, he began to feel the effects of the rubbing and complained of sharp pains. This encouraged us to redouble our efforts, and, as the blood slowly came back to the frozen parts, the agony he suffered was intense. He rolled over and over, screaming, cursing and writhing in his agony, but we, knowing that his only chance of salvation lay in this continued treatment, went on without taking any heed.

Finally, we were compelled to absolutely hold him down, as he got so violent that he tried to stop us forcibly.

“ The sun rose over the top of Aconcagua, and with it came a marked change in the temperature. We now stopped rubbing and gave him a strong dose of brandy. Still he suffered intense pain. We wrapped his feet up in bandages and succeeded in getting him upon his feet between the two porters. Thus, half walking, half carried, they succeeded in dragging him back to the camp. I followed behind with the rucksacs and ice axes. As soon as we reached the tent, he wanted to lie down and be left alone, but here we recommenced rubbing his feet again, as during his descent, they seemed to have got cold, and we did not leave him until we had completely restored the circulation. As the sun had now risen, the atmosphere was fairly warm in the tent, and he gradually went off to sleep; when he awoke, later on in the afternoon, he affirmed that he felt perfectly well again and, in fact, he was able to get up and put on his boots and take a stroll about outside the camp.”

On the 9th of January, Mr. FitzGerald determined to make another attempt upon

Aconcagua. Taking four porters with us, in two days we reached our last encampment above the col. Here a day's rest was necessary, and I filled up the time by exploring, with the object of finding, if possible, an easier route than that at present in our minds, for my patron's health did not permit of too toilsome a climb, and I wanted to spare him the vexation of being obliged to turn back. By diverging to the left, it seemed as if we should climb more easily.

We were now at an elevation of about 19,000 feet. The cold was intense, and an hour after midday, in spite of unclouded bright sunshine, the thermometer registered about 3° centigrade below zero.

One morning I felt somewhat indisposed, but wished to test my power to go a little higher. Putting on the requisite shoes, I reached a point where I began to feel thoroughly benumbed with the cold and suffered much with my feet which would soon have been frost-bitten, had I not quickly returned to the encampment where constant friction relieved the pain.

On the 14th of January, we sternly resolved to make a final effort to reach the top of Aconcagua. Feeling quite fit for our task, we

took some chocolate before setting out and, climbing very slowly, by midday reached a spot less than 1,700 feet below the summit. Mr. FitzGerald, however, did not feel well, and we stopped for an hour, to see if he could recover himself a little, but all to no avail.



VIEW FROM THE FOOT OF ACONCAGUA.

Then there was nothing else to be done but to turn back!

It was a terrible disappointment to me, as I had already been close to the goal of my ambition twice, but had refrained from going so far by myself, because I wanted my patron to be the first to climb Aconcagua.

We knew that a German expedition was being organised to ascend the mountain. I therefore asked Mr. FitzGerald if he would have any objection to my proceeding to the summit alone. He offered none whatever, and was indeed very glad for me to be the first to achieve the ascent.

My patron then descended to the encampment with the porters, and I set out for the summit of Aconcagua which I reached at 4.45 p.m. I had some difficulty in getting my breath going up, but after I had been ten minutes on the top of the mountain, felt perfectly well. Indeed, I worked as easily as if I had been on sea-level at erecting a stone-man about $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, such as one always builds on a newly-surmounted peak if there is material at hand to do it. Having neither pencil nor paper, I cut the date of my ascent on the handle of Mr. FitzGerald's ice-axe which I had with me, and fixed it in the top of the cairn.

The summit consists of a square plateau of about 225 feet across: my joy at standing thereon is better imagined than described. Aconcagua, which is the highest peak in the whole of the American continent, is 23,400 feet high and, up till now, its

ascent had been deemed impossible. The view from there was indeed a marvellous one: I saw the whole of South America extended below me, with its seas, mountains and plains, covered with villages and cities that looked like little specks. Ah! how deeply is one impressed, on such heights by the marvellous works of the Creator! I was very vexed only to have an hour there, as it was already late, and since five o'clock that morning, nothing had entered my lips except a few drops of wine which my patron had shared with me.

I made the descent to our encampment in three hours and a half. Mr. FitzGerald came to meet me and was extremely glad to hear the result of my expedition. I told him all about it in a few words, whereupon he suggested we should get back to Puente del Inca as soon as possible, to telegraph the news to London.

The next day, therefore, leaving two porters at the encampment in charge of the scientific instruments, we left for Inca where we arrived the same evening. Here, after drawing up and despatching our telegram, we went to supper with Mr. D. Cotton, the manager of the hôtel, when he opened many

bottles of champagne in our honour, which made my head ache for two days afterwards.

We have since found out that, on the 17th of January, after our departure from the last encampment, the German expedition arrived there, with the intention of doing the summit of Aconcagua, by the same route that Dr. Paul Güssfeldt had mapped out—in fact, the only one practicable. Scarcely had they reached the encampment however, than they heard of my ascent, to which, in their surprise, they could hardly give credence. They then climbed for several hundred yards and encamped for the night. In the morning, the weather forbade further progress, and they were obliged to turn back. Too often, indeed, the rigour of the temperature is the greatest obstacle to such an enterprise, for the intense cold entails much suffering.

I still felt the effects of the hurt to my shoulder and had to keep quiet for ten days, but as I derived no benefit from the rest, Mr. FitzGerald advised me to go to Mendoza where it was warmer, and good doctors were to be found. To Mendoza, therefore, I went and remained there for seventeen days, going through a treatment of massage and baths which did me a great deal of good.

In the meantime, the Swiss Consul and my compatriots at Mendoza joined in fêting me at a dinner, much enlivened by music, when all drank to the health of Aconcagua, to testify their satisfaction at a Swiss being the first to climb it.

I then went back to Puente del Inca. Mr. De Trafford now quitted our party for Chile, accompanied by my patron, of whom he soon after took leave before departing for Europe. Meanwhile, the engineer, Mr. A. E. Lightbody of Mendoza—employed on the Transandine railway—was commissioned by Mr. FitzGerald to do some surveying and to construct a map.

During this time, I determined to make an expedition to another valley to explore a route for climbing Tupungato—a peak somewhat lower in elevation than Aconcagua, but more difficult. Accompanied by a muleteer, I did this excursion in eight days—making, the while, a small plan of the way to be followed.

On getting back to Inca, I found my patron had not yet returned from Valparaiso. I waited for him a day, then fearing some accident might have happened, resolved to go in search of him, for he had now been

absent fifteen days. I made my way to Cuevas, climbed the Cumbre pass, reached Portillo and stopped at the latter place for the night, leaving my mule in the charge of one of the servants at the hôtel. The next day when ready to start, I was surprised to hear the mule was nowhere to be found: all search for him was in vain! I delayed my departure till after midday, in the hope of recovering the animal, but it had apparently run away for good and all. I then made my way to Juncal, on the road that crosses the Cordillera, where I passed the night. On the morrow, I mounted another mule which carried me to the railway station at Salto where I took the train to Los Andes.

I now heard that my patron was expected at Los Andes by eleven o'clock. So at the time named, I repaired to the station to receive him. He was astounded to see me there and when he knew the reason, was pleased enough. We betook ourselves to an hôtel, and I told him all that had happened during his absence. Then we arranged that I should go to Valparaiso and that he should return to Puente del Inca. Taking this opportunity of paying a visit to the former place, I rejoined my patron in four days' time.

On my return journey to Puente del Inca, I found my lost mule which had been straying about the country. In the night following his flight, the weather had changed for the worse—nearly twenty inches of snow covering the hills—and the animal had come back again to the spot whence he had started.

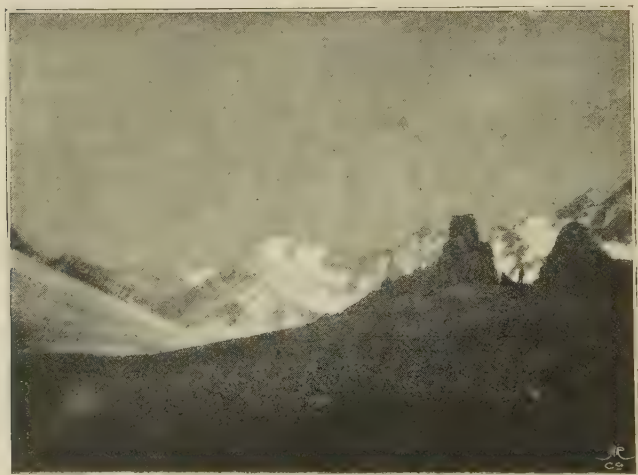
CHAPTER XI

EXPEDITION TO TUPUNGATO

AT Inca it was decided that I should accompany Mr. Vines on an expedition to Tupungato, whilst Mr. FitzGerald busied himself with scientific researches. We had everything in readiness and sent on porters with our necessaries to Vacas. We set out on horseback, taking three mules with us, and made for the Tupungato valley. This journey accomplished, we set about tackling Tupungato itself. Our route now became difficult and we traversed rugged paths that were not without peril to our horses.

We made several attempts of a disheartening nature. On the 8th of April, we bivouacked on the ice at a height of about 17,000 feet. The wind rose into a hurricane, our tent collapsed and we remained exposed to a temperature of 5° Fahr. until morning.

Finally, on April 12th, leaving the porters behind, we succeeded in reaching the summit of Tupungato. Needless to say, from this peak also the view was magnificent. Sixty miles away we saw Aconcagua : in its vicinity, though dwarfed by it, were many mountains



ACONCAGUA'S NEIGHBOURS.

(From the top of the Cumbre.)

higher than Mont Blanc. Beautiful was it to see, in the distance, the extensive plains partly cultivated, but mostly covered by virgin forests ; they forcibly impressed me with a sense of the untold riches which the South American continent must possess. When we returned to Inca, Mr. FitzGerald was in the

Horcones valley, whither I repaired to give him an account of our ascent.

As my patron was busily engaged in surveying, I employed the time in shooting *guanachi*, a kind of lama, and condors, a species of eagle very numerous in these parts, which, when famished in winter, have been known to attack men. It is very difficult to get near condors with a gun as they are so quick in taking flight. With this end in view, and also with the intention of finding out if it were possible to take mules so far—as we wanted to climb Mount Mercedes—we repaired to the valley of Vacas.

Here we made a stay of several days and were able to kill several *guanachi*, but, in spite of all our efforts to do so, found it impossible to bring down a condor. At last I bethought myself of placing a dead *guanaco* in a small enclosure, surrounding it with a fence of about six and a half feet high. It was just possible that a condor, once enticed therein by the carrion provided, would not be able to spread his wings and could thus be taken. We saw several birds approach the trap, but perhaps conscious of treachery, they forbore to enter it. One day, however, I had brought down a *guanaco* and, as the condors all rose

at the sound of the gun-shot, I was able, by keeping out of sight, to get near one of the birds with my patron's rifle—a very good one loaded with bullets—and shoot it flying, when it fell like a stone. On going to pick up the bird, I found that its outspread wings measured almost seven feet across and that it weighed nearly eighteen pounds. Its head and throat were covered with short feathers, whilst a white downy collar ran round the base of the neck; it had a powerful beak and its feet were furnished with four blunt talons. As Mr. Gosse was a naturalist, I cleaned my booty and, the next day, set off in the direction of Puente del Inca, to take the bird to Mr. FitzGerald who had been very anxious for me to procure at least one specimen. I was all the more pleased at my success as I knew that other members of the party had made ineffectual attempts to secure a condor. My patron was pleased enough at having this specimen to enrich his collection of curiosities.

When climbing Tupungato, we had perceived smoke ascending from the Chile side, which led us to suppose that a volcano existed there—hitherto unknown to us—so now Mr. Vines and I set out to find it.

We surmounted the Cumbre Pass and reached Santiago where we stopped several days. Finally, we approached Tupungato, but having reached S. José, bad weather set in and we were constrained to turn back. In a few days more, we returned again over the Cumbre Pass which was now covered with a quantity of snow. Several times we had to make a halt, so great was our difficulty in breathing.

On arriving at Inca, we found the weather most unpromising, with much snow; moreover, there were no signs of its improving. We carried back all our effects to our encampment; we had only left some ropes and bags behind on Aconcagua. Some days later, we went to Vacas when more snow fell, and we now saw there was no chance of any further successful exploration.

On the 26th of May, Mr. FitzGerald announced that no more could be done and told me that I must now return to Europe with the porters, see them on their way home and settle for all salaries and travelling expenses. More than three feet of snow now lay on the ground. My patron was to have gone to

* For the ascent of Aconcagua I received a special and most handsome remuneration from Mr. FitzGerald.

Valparaiso, but had to postpone his journey for some days, owing to the road being impassable. We packed up all our baggage, whilst the porters displayed much anxiety to be turning homewards.

CHAPTER XII

MY RECEPTION IN SOUTH AMERICA

WE now travelled as far as Vacas: where we arrived late at night. Our journey was made with great difficulty, on account of the quantity of newly fallen snow wherein the mules sometimes sank up to their girths. The porters now began to indulge very freely in drink and continued to do so whilst they had money in their pockets. Fortunately, their supply was limited and I gave them no more till they had reached Europe, but provided all that was necessary for them on the journey.

From Vacas we took the train to Mendoza. During our five hours' stay in the last-named place, I went to look up our Swiss Consul who begged of me to give him my ice-axe in memory of Aconcagua, and we drank a farewell glass of good wine together. He was

commissioned by the Swiss Minister, M. Emile Rodé,* to let him know when I left Mendoza for Buenos Aires. We reached the latter place in two days and on our arrival, a great crowd assembled at the station, curious to see the man they believed to be quite a phenomenon. I may here mention that it was very difficult to find lodgings for the porters, through fear of their giving themselves up to indiscriminate merry-makings.

I soon obeyed M. Emile Rodé's summons, and he welcomed me like a brother. Our interview that day was not a long one, business calling him away, but it was arranged for me to go to his office on the following day and give him a more detailed account of my climb. The next day, I again saw M. Emile Rodé who put me *au courant* with everything of interest and invited me to a dinner that was to come off in a few days' time. Meanwhile, we had to wait eight days for the steamer that was to take us to Genoa.

The Swiss Minister, who cherished the deepest affection for his country and spoke of it with the warmest enthusiasm, showed me the utmost courtesy and kindness; indeed his greatest delight was to talk with some

* M. Rodé died last winter.

compatriot. During my stay, I went to see him almost daily after dinner when he was not otherwise engaged. He was good enough to furnish me with a letter regarding the men that I had under my direction, authorising me to exact obedience from them.

In the meantime I had many invitations to lunch or dinner and much enjoyed myself. I was present at M. Emile Rodé's banquet, and very agreeable experiences I had there, far exceeding, indeed, my deserts. There were a goodly number of guests who kept their eyes continually fixed upon me, and I was honoured with a seat next to the Minister—surely an unheard-of distinction! On the table were all the good things imaginable, and last of all came a cake, in the form of a mountain representing Aconcagua, with the following inscription—which I shall always remember—in letters of gold and silver on a sugar groundwork :

*“Al Explorador Zurbriggen Mattia,
Quien Subió Primero
La Cima Del Aconcagua.” **

The champagne flowed freely, and cries

* “To the explorer, Mattias Zurbriggen who was the first to climb the summit of Aconcagua.”

of 'Erriva' and 'Lebehoch' alternated with those of 'Helvetius,' and 'Zurbriggen and the FitzGerald Expedition.' I was afterwards invited by the *Schweizer Männerchor* to a large gathering where we had instrumental music, and there was a ball in honour of Aconcagua and of the guide who had been the first to climb it.

After all these delightful doings, it was time to think about returning to Europe. The steamer which was the La Veloce Company's boat, the *Duchessa di Genova*, was due to sail on the 8th of June and the tickets were already taken; it was needful, however, to keep a watchful eye on my men so that they should be in readiness to start. I was accompanied with much ceremony to the railway station which was more than a mile distant; the principal station had been burnt down—from what cause I know not—during our absence in the mountains. The following day, we reached Monte Video and thence sailed for Genoa.

During the voyage, I amused myself by reading different local newspapers which I had brought with me, containing articles relating to my ascent of Aconcagua. The *Italia Alla Plata* described me as "a fine-

looking fellow, robust and muscular though not very tall, with blue eyes and reddish beard *à la Frédéric*, wearing two little gold earrings but otherwise quietly dressed, who spoke good Italian and English with a capital accent." It likewise dubbed me "a wonderful man, forty-four years of age, who, from the age of twenty, had been a professional climber," and averred, moreover, that I was "highly valued, esteemed, liked and also feared." Ah! how it tickled me to read that "also feared!" The *Courrier Suisse*, the *Argentinisches Tageblatt*, the *Argentinisches Wochenblatt* and other local journals contained a detailed account of my ascent of the famous peak.

Meanwhile, after touching at Barcelona where we made a short stay, we reached Genoa after seventeen days' sea-voyage. The money that I had brought with me to Genoa was in various cheques which Mr. Fitz-Gerald had made over to me before leaving South America. I ought to have taken them to London to get them cashed, having no credentials at Genoa where the banks would not honour them. In fact, if I had not been in the company of some one known to the bank authorities, who vouched

for my respectability, I should have been left without money and, consequently, prevented from starting on my homeward journey. The greatest inconvenience of all was not having enough money to pay the porters, to whom I owed another month's pay, for they were anxious to be at home by the 1st of July. As June was now drawing to a close, I knew not what to do, for I needed two thousand francs to divide amongst them. At last, I had recourse to the captain of the steamer who advanced me five hundred *lire*, and this paid our fare back to Novara where I was certain of obtaining all I wanted. The next day, I went to the *Banca Popolare*, and changed my cheques, paid off the porters and dismissed them to their several destinations.

On the 29th of June, I reached my own home, delighted with the successful result of my journey and all the more so, since we had all returned safe and sound.



ZURBRIGGEN'S HOUSE AT BORCA.

CHAPTER XIII

SOME EPISODES OF A CLIMBING SEASON

IT was the summer of 1897, and I had not been home a fortnight before I received a summons from Mr. Arthur de Fonblanque whose guide I had already been in Alpine ascents. He had only been married a year and was now staying at Chamonix with his wife. She was a charming lady in every respect, and as it was her first season of mountaineering, she was very keen on climbing. During the month that I remained with Mr. and Mrs. de Fonblanque, I had many opportunities of seeing that the latter would soon become as accomplished a mountaineer as her husband.

Towards the middle of August, I went back to Macugnaga to place myself at the service of two other gentlemen. But the weather was exceptionally unpropitious; who does

not remember its vagaries during that particular climbing season ? It rained unceasingly for weeks together, and rarely did we see a fine day. My patrons were very disappointed and would probably have quitted the mountains altogether if the hope of seeing the sky clear at last had not detained them. But all in vain did they cherish such a delusion ; the weather gave no signs of bettering and, in the beginning of September, a great deal of snow reappeared on the heights.

All this did not prevent us from making an expedition to Val Sesia, with the intention of exploring a new pass—an enterprise it was impossible to carry out, although we twice made an effort to do so, for we were each time driven back by the rain and snow. The first of these attempts I shall always remember. We had reached the rocks by nightfall, and as it was raining and snowing heavily, we took shelter under a cupola of ice. Here we had to prevent one another from going to sleep, in order not to fall, for certain death awaited us below. What an awful night we passed ! In the morning, the snow lay over twelve inches deep, and we could only descend with great difficulty. The second time we started, we made up our minds to turn back directly there

were signs of bad weather, so as to avoid another such experience of camping out in the open.

Soon after, I went back to Macugnaga where I made a few unimportant ascents, but the season was over and the climbers were all going homewards, so I turned my attention, for a couple of months, to getting some sport in my native mountains, till the winter came on and brought with it a great quantity of snow. Then, safely ensconced under my own roof, I occupied myself in writing these reminiscences of my travels.



MY FIRST PATRON.

CHAPTER XIV

ASCENTS IN 1898

IT was Christmas, and already I had received several letters from different gentlemen who wished to engage me for the next climbing-season. As, however, I was still bound by the terms of my contract to Mr. FitzGerald, I could not make other arrangements, without first obtaining his consent. I therefore wrote to him in May, asking if he needed my services, but he answered that as ill-health would prevent him doing any mountaineering that season, I was free to make other engagements.

I then sent word to the Chevalier Augusto Massoni, president of the Schio Branch of the Italian Alpine Club, that he might command me for the whole of July and August. At the time agreed upon, I met my patron at Piedimulera. We then set out for the An-

trona valley, with the idea of crossing the Portjengrat or Pizzo d'Andolla; at first, the weather was against us, but later it improved.

After two days' rest, we went to the Weissmies Inn, to make the ascent of the Fletschhorn, by the western ridge. But here we found the elements so unfavourable that we were constrained to turn back in haste below the summit and seek the shelter of a rock. The snow was blown up in such a hurricane that we seemed to be enveloped in a cloud. It was impossible, indeed, to move from the spot where we had halted, because the snow in our eyes hindered us from seeing anything.

In about four hours, the fury of the gale abated, and we were able to commence the descent. We had to go down by a nearly vertical precipice, but as the intense cold had solidified the snow above the ice, we were able to get down fairly well by making steps with the toes of our boots. The sun was already hidden behind the mountains when we reached the little Weissmies Hôtel.

On the following day, I remained inactive, as my patron was feeling the need of a little rest, but afterwards he went by the Rossbodenjoch to the Simplon where he had arranged to meet his friend, Signor Olivari.

Here an unforeseen accident occurred : Signor Massoni dislocated his foot, and was thus incapacitated for climbing for the rest of the season.

I now transferred my services as guide, to Signor Olivari, and our first ascent was that of Monte Leone where we had a grand view ; from here we went to Belalp and did the Aletschhorn from the Oberaletsch Hut. We then went to Loèche-les-Bains, afterwards to Schwarenbach, crossed the Altels and the Balnhorn, and came down again to Loèche-les-Bains. Many and varied were the beauties we found in all these places, for the Swiss mountains are truly an unknown paradise ! We then went by a pass to Rica and made the ascent of the Bietschhorn and from here, we reached Loèche-les-Bains by another col.

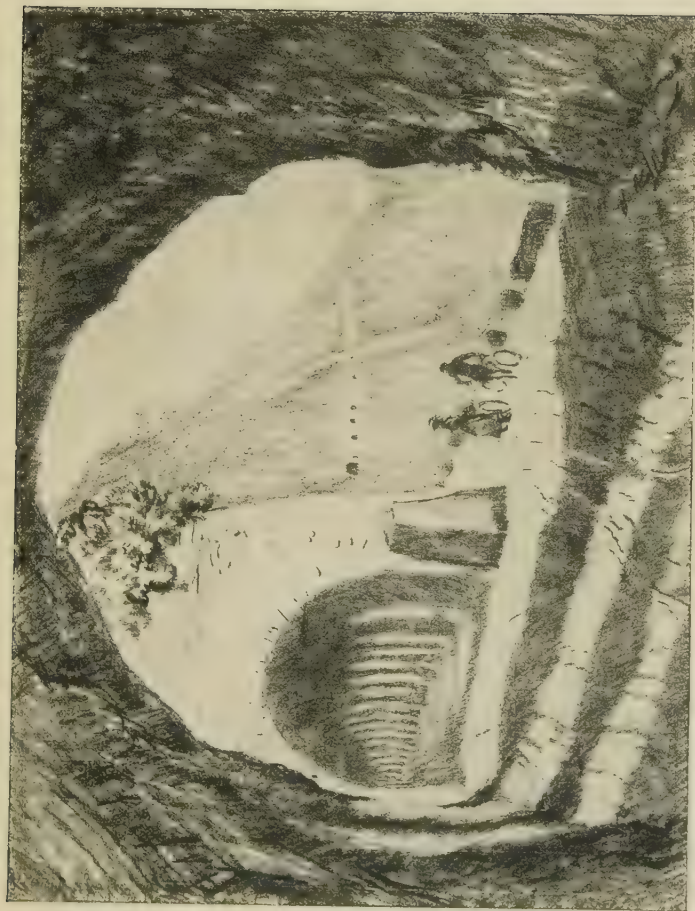
In a few days I was free, for my two months' engagement was at an end. I made my way back to Macugnaga where a telegram from two English gentlemen awaited me, securing my services as guide.

With these climbers I returned to the Simplon, and they informed me that their plans were first to make the ascent of Monte Leone, afterwards to cross the Rossbodenjoch

in the direction of Saas-Fee; from here to proceed to Randa—surmounting the Alphubeljoch—and then to climb the Weisshorn. It would have been impossible to have had better weather: for a spell of several weeks we had been favoured by a gloriously clear sky which gave every promise of lasting. In seven days we fulfilled the expedition we had planned to our utmost satisfaction.

I then returned to Macugnaga, for the Messrs. Gugliermina of Borgo-Sesia—as distinguished for their good sense and kindness of heart as for their mountaineering qualities—were awaiting me, to make another attempt on the pass which we had twice tried to ascend the year before.

On the 9th of September, by crossing the Turlo Pass, I met my patrons at Alagna: the same day we proceeded to the Wandfluh. The weather was magnificent, and on the morrow we pursued our way and managed to bivouac at the summit of the south-west spur of the Parrot-Spitze which, by traversing a sharp arête about 12,000 feet high, we had reached before sunset. Towards evening, however, the weather showed ominous signs which caused me great anxiety. About ten



TUNNELS AND GALLERIES OF THE SIMPLON.

o'clock, snow began to fall, but only for a short time, and we did not give up all hope. Nevertheless I was obliged to get up and carry our ice-axes to a distance, better to escape the effects of the lightning. In not to lose time the next morning by cutting steps in the *névé*, I did this work at night, and then went back to the bivouac which was comparatively a comfortable spot. The following morning, the 11th of September, after a few minutes' climb, we reached the edge of the Piode glacier, just under the terminal peak of the Parrot. From thence, turning westwards, we ascended to the higher plateau of the Piode and climbed the great rocky face of the Parrot-Spitze, under the Piodejoch, crossing it diagonally in the direction of the opening. Thence by continuing our scramble over rocks, difficult in certain places, but with good hand-holds, we finally emerged below the Ludwigshöhe. From here we achieved the traverse and reached our goal—a few yards above the northern base of the Schwarzhorn—about 10.30 a.m.

The col is at the same elevation as the Piodejoch, that is to say, about 13,800 feet. It lies in the Monte Rosa chain, between the

Schwarzhorn and the Ludwigshöhe, and leads to Alagna, to Zermatt (*via* Lys Pass) and Gressoney. The delight of my patrons at the success of their ascent was unbounded, and they wished it to be known as “the first crossing of the Zurbriggen Col.”

Our climb had been much facilitated by my having cut the steps the day before: we managed to surmount the great cornices, in spite of their friable nature and of being here and there coated with verglas; in fact we achieved the expedition without the least hitch. We made the descent by way of the Gnifetti Hut and proceeded from here to the Col d'Ollen and Alagna.

As the Messrs. Gugliermi wanted me to accompany them as far as Borgo-Sesia, we journeyed thither by carriage and, after a thoroughly enjoyable day spent together, I returned home to Macugnaga by way of the Cramosina, Gozzano and Piedimulera.

Some days later, two gentlemen—Signor Filippo Borroni and Signor Guido Cantoni—arrived from Milan and desired to make an excursion to Alagna by the Col delle Loccie. Such an expedition could be easily done in a day, but since the summer was now waning—as evidenced by the shortening days—and the



PARROT-SPITZEN (alt. 14,577 feet).

glacier was seamed with numerous crevasses, we slept a night at the Belvedere, at the Dufour Inn.

It was the 20th of September when we set out at 3.30 a.m. on our expedition, and it was still dark when we reached the Pedriolo Alp. We pursued our way as far as the foot of the Loccie glacier: it promised to be a tough climb, by reason of the many and unusually wide crevasses. We plodded on, however, but in places feared we should never find a footing. Several times we had to cross over the most narrow and slender bridges imaginable. When we reached the right side of the glacier, we climbed by the rocks, but here it was dangerous work on account of the stones which, every moment, fell from the ledges above.

At last, after arduous exertions, we reached the Col. Although I had been there many times before, I had never found it in such a questionable condition. The incessant labour of cutting steps was quite exhausting; from the beginning of our climb to the summit of the Col it was, so to speak, one continuous staircase. Owing to these hindrances, we only reached the top at a late hour in the afternoon. We were more successful in

accomplishing the descent and reached Alagna before sunset, quite 'done up' with fatigue.

The next day I made my way home by the Turlo Pass.

CHAPTER XV

CONCLUSION

BEFORE bringing this book to a close, I should like to give a *résumé* of the impressions I have derived from my visits to various parts of the world. Every country produces fruit conformable to its climate and situation, as every nation has its own laws and customs.

India contains vast mineral wealth and is besides so fertile that it yields, in some places, three harvests in the year. The mountains are marvellously beautiful and offer the climber the most varied panoramas imaginable. The Himalayan chain is of colossal grandeur; its glaciers are the largest in the world and present, for the most part, but few difficulties to the mountaineer. Travelling can be done with very little

expense, and the opportunities for sport are excellent.

The Hindoos are, generally speaking, timorous, obedient and willing servants, but they are likewise filthy in their habits—a fact which doubtless accounts for the prevalence of epidemics among them. Whoever would travel in India for exploring or other purposes, ought to make a point of treating his menials with severity, as otherwise their respect for him will be diminished. It would also be unwise to place too much reliance on them or to allow them the use of weapons.

Australia and New Zealand are highly civilised colonies—with plenty of scope for industries—and rich in gold which is moreover found in its pure state in the sand of the river beds and by the sea-shore. The climate is however oppressively hot.

There are no actually ferocious animals in New Zealand. Wild cattle, horses and pigs abound in the forests.: I myself saw many, but as they are frightened at the sight of human beings, they disappear with incredible swiftness. They originally came from wrecks on these shores and, being able to swim, gained the land and there multiplied. I remarked a bird called a *weka*, or

wood-hen, a kind of wild fowl, with a long beak and without wings, of beautifully coloured plumage and strange form, which is, moreover, highly relished for eating. I noted, besides, an enormous quantity of rabbits which devour the crops. Attempts have been made to exterminate these animals, but with small success. One factor probably in keeping them down, is a voracious bird called a *kea*—a kind of carnivorous parrot, very plentiful in the highlands of New Zealand. Although this bird willingly eats rabbits, it prefers the kidney fat of lambs, whence it is productive of a fresh annoyance to the inhabitants of those parts.

New Zealand much resembles Switzerland through the beauty of its mountains wherein the traveller may enjoy a great variety of recreation. The summits of the mountains are delightful; their glaciers, however, present more difficulties than any I have met with elsewhere. The inhabitants both of the town and country districts are exceedingly hospitable. In salubrity of climate, New Zealand is inferior to Switzerland. The journey is very costly on account of the distance, but it is an interesting experience to visit this part of the world.

South America, once such a fruitful source of wealth, now presents a very different aspect. The people are divided into two classes: the one is immoderately rich, whilst the other, which is the more numerous, exists under the most wretched economic conditions. It is a truly horrible contrast: at every turn in the street, you meet miserably emaciated beggars whose pitiful plight awakens the deepest compassion in the beholder. Perhaps these poor creatures had come thither from Europe, in the hope of making their fortune, only to find themselves plunged in the most abject poverty.

In South America the precautions taken to ensure the safety of the individual are very slight, and leave much to be desired in the way of needful reforms. Brigandage has taken firm root there: murders are frequent and often remain unpunished. When I was at Buenos-Aires, the Swiss Minister told me of two brothers being attacked in the street by a miscreant who killed one of them; the other saved himself by flight. The survivor afterwards presented himself at the 'Bureau of Public Safety' to make his deposition, and declared therein the name of the murderer. He was thereupon told that the criminal could

not be arrested without a warrant from a higher court. The complainant then went to the President who, hearing the facts of the case, remarked: "Ah! the scoundrel, this is his sixth murder: I declare if he commits another, I shall have him arrested and not let him off again."

With regard to the mountains of South America, the chain of the Andes, which runs throughout the continent from north to south, affords most enchanting scenery: its peaks are very lofty, and the ascents can be made without much difficulty.

Africa, that nest of wild beasts, contains in its interior, vast deserts like the Sahara or those of Lybia and Nubia, and generally speaking, is only inhabited in the vicinity of its coasts. The climate is absolutely torrid and is very unhealthy. The people are uncivilised, brutish, strong and vindictive. It is quite the place in which to make one's fortune, but only ten persons out of a hundred could bear the excessive heat; the majority would either succumb or return to their native land.

Whilst hunting in the north of Africa, we were several times confronted by bands of men who came to waylay us. Moreover, we had to be on our guard against the attacks of

wild beasts. Once, during a hunting expedition in those parts, my patron saw two snakes approach him in a threatening manner. He dropped his gun and mounted a tree, thinking thus to escape them, but the two reptiles, having reached the tree, began to wriggle up it. Meantime, I, who was a little way off, had a shot at them and thus brought them to the ground, although twenty minutes elapsed before I dared go near the carcasses, for their tails continued all that time to quiver most ominously.

In fact, I should never advise any one to leave the pleasant shores of Europe to seek diversion on those of Africa.

A last word! There is one more great climb I want to complete. I should like to ascend Mount Everest. Every great mountain has a good way, and I am sure there is a good way up Mount Everest—the greatest of them all.

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER

(DATED FROM P. AND O. SS. *Massilia*.)

A RÉSUMÉ OF MY LAST HIMALAYA EXPEDITION

1899

IN the month of March of the present year (1899), I was in London on business, and took this opportunity of calling on my former patron, Sir Martin Conway. Directly he saw me, he asked if I were disengaged and, as Mr. FitzGerald had no need of me, I could assure him that I was at his service. Sir Martin Conway then inquired if I were willing to go to the Himalayas again, and told me that Mrs. Fanny Bullock Workman, F.R.S.G.S. and Corresponding Member of the National Geographic Society of Washington, was in want of a guide for that region.

On signifying my readiness to accept a

professional engagement for climbing in the Himalayas, Sir Martin Conway referred me to Mr. Douglas Freshfield and Mr. Wills—



DR. WILLIAM HUNTER WORKMAN.

the honorary secretary of the Alpine Club—who were to give me all necessary information. I accordingly went to lunch with Sir Martin Conway, after which he himself conducted me

to the Alpine Club to interview Messrs. Wills and Freshfield. In a couple of days, arrangements for our new expedition were completed.



MRS. FANNY BULLOCK WORKMAN.

Mr. Wills wrote to Mrs. Workman, and I returned home where, on the 12th of May, I received a telegram from the lady in question, formally engaging me for the proposed climbs.

By the 1st of June, I had taken a Cook's ticket at Turin for Bombay where I arrived on the 16th of the same month. Here I remained till I received instructions to make my way to Srinagar where Mrs. Workman was awaiting my coming. On the 24th of June, I reached my destination by the route I had previously taken in 1892 with Sir Martin Conway.

Within ten minutes of my arrival at Srinagar, Mrs. Workman appeared. She told me her programme was to make for the Hispar Pass and thence to do some peaks. However, thought I, when once she is on the top of the col, she will want to go higher still, though it will be a marvel if a lady ever attains that height—the col is 17,600 feet above sea-level—for it would be a *tour de force* for any woman.

On the 2nd of July, we set out with eighteen horses: the party comprising Dr. and Mrs. Workman, three servants, a cook, and myself. We went in the direction of the Askar ravine and thence, by crossing the Skoro La—a pass 17,000 feet high—made our way towards Askole where we arrived on the 13th of July. We halted for three days at Askole in order to provide ourselves with all

necessaries for the fortnight that we expected to spend on the Biafo glacier.

On the 16th, we started once more with over fifty coolies ; as I had already traversed this route, it seemed quite easy. On the second day of our march, however, we met with such crevasses that it was impossible to get the porters across them, so we were obliged to return to the encampment which we had so lately left. On the morrow, we again sallied forth, I going ahead with a porter to seek a means of avoiding the crevasses. By dint of going up and down and around great séracs, wherein I cut a quantity of steps for the porters, we managed to find a route. It is extraordinary how such changes could have been effected in the glacier : it was no longer like the same one I had crossed with Sir Martin Conway in 1892.

On the 29th, we arrived on the summit of the Hispar Pass, but as the weather was anything but promising—snow falling continually—we were not inclined to remain there very long, so we decided to return straightway to Askole where we stopped for three days.

We now determined to tackle the Skoro La range, for I saw that Mrs. Workman was a good hand at resisting fatigue ; although not

a rapid, she was a very persevering, climber, I suggested that she should attempt some of the Skoro La summits that had, so far, never been climbed. Accordingly, on the 5th of August, we left Askole, and on the 7th did a peak about 18,600 feet high—to the left of the col as you come from Askole—which we named the Siegfried Horn.

As Mrs. Workman appeared none the worse for her climb, and seemed capable of doing yet more important ascents, we began to think about achieving another—a thousand feet higher than our last. Some days later (the 11th of August), we ascended the peak in question, which rises more to the south at a height of 19,450 feet. Our last encampment for this was made at 17,000 feet, and from here to the top, what with cutting steps and manipulating the rope, I had so much to do that I was quite thankful when we reached our goal.

We remained on the summit for two hours and enjoyed from thence a magnificent view. We felt no discomfort from the atmospheric conditions and were all perfectly well. I smoked a cigar—as I invariably do when I have the chance—though, at these altitudes, I am not generally able to enjoy it in a lady's

society! We named our newly-surmounted peak Mount Bullock Workman, and then made our way back the same evening to our second encampment.

On the following day, we returned by the Skoro La to make our way into the Shigar valley, in order to get a view of Mount Koserunge, of whose attractions so many mountaineers have spoken. Some days later, after I had carefully explored our bearings, we found there was a possibility of making its ascent and determined to try it. We made two encampments and, on the 25th of August, at 2.15 p.m., reached the summit where we made a brief stay, recruited ourselves with a little cognac, and verified the barometer which stood at 21,150 feet.

I was indeed delighted to have escorted a lady to this height, for Mrs. Workman has climbed 4,000 feet higher than any other member of her sex, and I am the first guide who has been lucky enough to accompany a lady to such an altitude. Proud and happy does the remembrance of it make me, and I look forward to "going one better," should an occasion present itself; I am sure a good lady-mountaineer could go even higher, and I only hope that I may be her chosen guide.

As I have said, we did not remain long on the summit of Kishangarga. In fact, distinctly bad weather was threatening us: it was very cloudy, about a foot and a half of lately fallen snow covered our track and rendered our descent very difficult, whilst a cutting wind blew in our faces and the temperature became increasingly bitter.

Dr. and Mrs. Workman could only proceed with difficulty. Several times they declared they could go no further on account of the freezing cold which was affecting their feet. I knew well what peril they were in, although I pretended to make light of it. At every step I trampled down the snow and called repeatedly to them to hearten them, for I saw they were exhausted and needed encouragement. Every now and then I rubbed their feet vigorously. In such weather neither Dr. nor Mrs. Workman could have climbed higher, even if there had been more to do; but they were delighted to think they had achieved this particular peak, and the remembrance of their triumph inspired them with new resolution for their perilous descent.

We reached our encampment before night-fall, and very tired out we all were by our efforts. The next day we started on our

return to Srinagar, for Mrs. Workman wished to visit the valley of Lidar in Kashmir.

We arrived at Srinagar on the 8th of September, and on the 10th of that month, I went to see if anything else might be done, but snow had been falling so continually, and the nights had now become so cold that it was impossible to prosecute our explorations further.

Mrs. Workman then decided to let me return home, and this I was glad to do after my three months' climbing in the Himalayas.



